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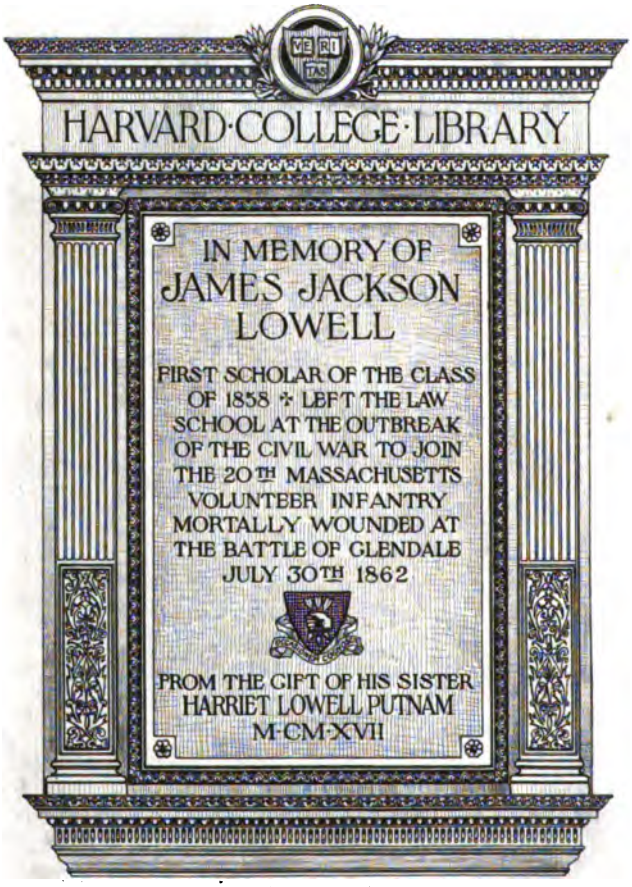
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FROM THE GIFT OF HIS SISTER HARRIET LOWELL PUTNAM
M·CM·XVII

THE FOTHERGILLS OF RAVENSTONEDALE

TARN HOUSE AT THE HEAD OF RAVENSTONEDALE, WHERE THE EARLIEST FOTHERGILLS SETTLED SOON AFTER THE NORMAN CONQUEST.

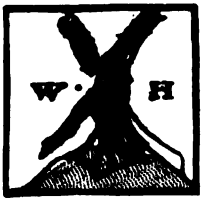
:LLS OF
DALE

THORNTON
AUGHLIN

THE FOTHERGILLS OF RAVENSTONEDALE

THEIR LIVES AND THEIR LETTERS

TRANSCRIBED BY CATHERINE THORNTON
AND FRANCES McLAUGHLIN



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THE FAMILY OF HENRY FOTHERGILL OF LOCKHOLME

HENRY FOTHERGILL, of Lockholme: born October, 1670; died 1753, aged 83; buried in Ravenstonedale Church.

married

ELIZABETH, daughter of Richard Fawcett, of Rottonmoor, Westmoreland: born 1681; died 1766, aged 85.

THEIR CHILDREN

1 2

MARGARET and ELIZABETH: died 1713, aged 9 and 11.

3

GEORGE: born 1705; Principal of St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, 1751; Vicar of Bromley, in Kent; died, unmarried, 1760.

4

RICHARD: born 1708; lived, first at Crossbank, after at Wharton Hall; went to Lockholme after his father's death; died 1785.

5

HENRY: born 1710; Rector of Cheriton Bishop; died 1792, leaving one son.

6

WILLIAM: born 1713; died 1784; one son, Henry, who died 1767.

7

THOMAS: born 1715; Provost of Queen's College, Oxford; died 1796; descendants still living.

8

JAMES: born 1719; died 1739, aged 19.

9

JOSEPH: born 1723; married; died 1799; left a family.

PART I

HENRY FOTHERGILL, HIS FAMILY AND HOME

The Fothergills of Ravenstonedale

PART I

HENRY FOTHERGILL, HIS FAMILY AND HOME

JUST across the border between Yorkshire and Westmoreland lies the valley of Ravenstonedale. It runs almost due north and south among the hills, opening out into the fertile plain which stretches towards Carlisle on the one hand, but narrowing in on the other, until abruptly stopped by the mountain of Wild Boar Fell, which rises, square-topped and bleak, 2323 feet above the valley. This hill is said to take its name from the wild boars which formerly roamed about it, a tusk of one of the last of these, as it is supposed, having been found in an old coffin dug up in Kirkby Stephen church, during the renovation of the chancel, in 1849.

Several explanations of the somewhat curious name of the dale have been given. One history of Westmoreland says it is derived from a brook, called the Raven, which flowed through it, but there is no brook

known now by that name. Another local tradition speaks of a dark-grey stone, christened the Ravenstone. But no such stone is to be found in Scandale Gill, where it was believed to be situated. Probably we shall be nearer the truth if we take the syllables in their literal meaning, and connect them with Gallows Hill, which lies in the valley, and on which stood the gibbet, where, up to comparatively recent times, the death penalty was inflicted. Ravens, as birds of carrion, might well haunt such a place, and the word Ravenstone is actually used by Lord Byron in this sense :—

> "Do not think
> I'll honor you so much as save your throat
> From Ravenstone, by choking you myself."

In an explanatory note Lord Byron says that "the Rabenstein, or Ravenstone, is the stone gibbet of Germany, so called from the ravens perching upon it."

At first sight it may seem strange that men should be hanged in an out-of-the way spot like Ravenstonedale, or Rossendale, as it is more familiarly called by its inhabitants. But it must be remembered that it was a very lonely, isolated place, even up to the middle of the nineteenth century, having little communication with the outside world, and being, in many respects, a law unto itself. Thus, it had its own special court, which sat in the church, and at which local offenders must be tried before they came under the jurisdiction

of the sheriff, or any officer of the lord of the manor. This court had powers of life and death, as witness the executions on Gallows Hill. It consisted of twenty-four jurymen, selected from the most influential inhabitants of the parish ; and vacancies by death, or old age, were filled by election. Every occupier of a farmhouse, with four acres of land attached to it, was liable to serve on this jury, and should any householder seek to evade responsibility by building a house which did not fulfil requirements in respect of this, the Four-and-twenty had power to pull it down, and to exact a heavy fine from the owner. Those who possessed the necessary qualification of house and land were called "estatesmen," and held a superior position to those who had neither. We find from the parish book, still in existence, that, in 1734, there were one hundred and eighty of these 'statesmen, the valuation of whose property amounted to £1,958. In 1877 they had dwindled down to seventy, thus showing how many of the old owners must have passed away.

But, in the eighteenth century, the jurors were, to all intents and purposes, a kind of local parliament, under the lord of the manor, who, in the person of his agent, was practically the king. This assembly legislated on all sorts of subjects, from capital crime to the getting of the rushes with which the women were wont to strew the aisles of the church. Constables and churchwardens were chosen from the jurors' ranks ; and any one absenting himself from his duties, without

lawful cause, such as sickness or military duty, was fined 12*s*.

This curiously constituted court met in the old church, where there were two rows of benches below the Communion table for its use; while the remains of a hollow vault could long be traced, on the north side of the building, where evildoers were imprisoned. Later, in consequence of their unseemly squabblings, the jury petitioned Lord Wharton, then lord of the manor, to grant them the use of a house belonging to him near the west end of the church, which was no doubt destroyed when the old church was pulled down in 1744, but an interesting account of this edifice survives in the primary visitation of Bishop Nicholson, of Carlisle, which he made on July 12, 1703. He writes :—

"Here's a large and handsome church, the quire part the worst, but all repaired, (as one continued pile of building), at the common charge of the parish. The altar has no rails, and stands at a distance from y^e^ east window, having two rows of seats, or benches, betwixt it and that for the scholars. They have a tradition that y^e^ steward, and jury of y^e^ mannour sate formerly on these benches, in judgment (of life and death) upon such malefactors as were arraign'd for any capital crime, who were imprisoned in a hollow vault (some part whereof is still to be seen), on the north side of the church.

"They have three good bells, and a clock in the

tower, beside the saints' bell, which hangs near that part of the south aisle which is appropriated to the use of a school. In the days of Mr. A. Proctour, who was a great many years curate here, and is now rector of Dean, in Cumberland, this bell used to be rung in y^e^ conclusion of y^e^ Nicene Creed, to call in the Dissenters to sermon.

"The body of the church looks pretty well, and will appear better as soon as they have gotten it whitened, the Queen's arms, and sentences (on the walls) renew'd, &c. The reading pew and pulpit are very good, and the late addition of a wainscot seat for the clerk is an improvement very commendable. There are some old clumsie benches over against the pulpit, which still belong to some of the most considerable men of the parish, and were antiently their best seats. They are now the worst, and would be thought so, were it not for the convenience of their place.

"In the east end of the south aisle, near y^e^ entrance into y^e^ school, lye two blew marble stones, whereon are y^e^ following epitaphs :—

I.

"'Here lyeth the body of GEORGE FOTHERGILL,
Of Tarn House, Esqr., the Queen's Majesty's
Receiver for Westmoreland, Lancashire,
And Cumberland, who departed
this life, Apr. 26, 1681.'

II.

"'Nov. 19, ADni. 1681.
Was interr'd under this stone, JULIAN,
the wife of GEORGE FOTHERGILL, of
Tarn House, second daughter of RICHARD
SKELTON, of Armethwaite Castel, in the
County of Cumberland, Esqr. . . . Issue
3 sons . . . . . daughters.'

"Under each of these inscriptions there were some fragments of Hebrew, half worn away, the composure of Mr. Medcalf, who is now schoolmaster at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, whither he removed from this place.

". . . The parish register begins at June 12th, 1577. They have a good poor stock, well preserv'd, and employed. 'Excepting the vicar, and schoolmaster,' said one of the churchwardens, 'we have not a gentleman among us; nor can any remember the time we had a beggar.'"

The clock tower, mentioned in the Visitation, was quite a curiosity. It stood alone, away from the main building, and rested upon pillars, with openings between them at equal distances, on each side. From the centre hung the rope of the refuge bell, and any person who had committed an offence worthy of death, —of which there were many in those days besides murder,—could ensure being tried by the court of the dale, provided he succeeded in ringing the bell. This meant, of course, that he would be tried by his friends and acquaintances, who would not be slow to find extenuating circumstances. But one of the Fothergills,

Anthony of Brownber, has left on record that, in his time (1645), even a murderer, who could succeed in tolling the holy bell, was counted free, and that a stranger, fleeing from pursuit, who came within the precincts of the manor, was safe from outside justice, and he quaintly adds, "Of our own knowledge, and within our own memory, no felon, though a murderer, was to be carried out of the parish for trial, and one Holme, a murderer, lived and died in Ravenstonedale, whose posterity continued there for two generations, when the family became extinct."

The privilege of sanctuary was abolished here, as in all other places, by an Act of Parliament in the reign of James I., but the jury sat, and legislated about other matters, long after that date.

The church was restored in 1744, by means of an assessment levied on the "statesmen" of the district, and by collections in neighbouring churches. There is a tradition that the church was built before the tower; and perhaps it may interest the antiquarian to know, that the present south porch is the identical one belonging to the old edifice, which was taken down, and carefully re-erected, stone by stone, in its present position. It rather goes to support this tradition that, while no record is known to exist of the expenses connected with restoring the church, there remain very full accounts of the rebuilding of the tower, which appears to have cost £264 3*s.* 5¾*d.* The items may be interesting :—

1738.	£	s.	d
July 5th.—Paid to Ralph Alderson, in part for pulling down the steeple	5	0	0
To ditto	3	3	0
July 18th.—When the foundation of the steeple was laid, spent at each of the four ale-houses, 2*s.*	0	8	0
Sept. 8th.—Paid to Matthew and partners for finding lime for the steeple	29	11	3
Sept. 8th.—The same day, to Robert Robinson, and John Richardson, for pulling down part of the church wall, and walling up again, drawing up steeple timber, and bells, and other things	2	14	10
Dec. 2nd.—Paid to Zach. Wright, for casting lead and covering steeple	4	9	0
Paid Richard Todd, for calling the bargains	0	2	6

This "calling of the bargains" seems to have been a very quaint old custom, and, in fact, was the only way of advertisement, until newspapers became popular. It was usual in Ravenstonedale, to make any announcements from the old sundial in the churchyard, immediately after service, and the notices were of the most miscellaneous nature, ranging from legal documents, issued by the lord of the manor, to the sale of an old woman's mangle. The fee was threepence for each announcement.

Eyes accustomed to modern ecclesiastical architecture still find much of the olden time lingering about the New Ravenstonedale Church, as it continues to be called in the dale. It is entered by a long narrow passage running across the west end, from north to south, and separated from the body of the building by oak panelling. In this passage stand two quaint oak tables, which are removed when there is a funeral, as

is also the red-cloth-covered panel which divides the two doors leading into the nave. The pews, said to be made of oak from Lowther, a gift from the lord of the manor, and still bearing a strong family likeness to benches, run sideways to the centre aisle. Halfway up it stands the pulpit, a fine three-decker—nearly black with age, which may have belonged to the original church. It contains ample accommodation, not only for the parson and clerk, but, what is much more uncommon, for the parson's wife as well, who is provided with a seat in a recess at the back of the top flight of stairs, close to the pulpit door. In the clerk's compartment is concealed another quaint bit of old work—a small panel, on which is carved, in antique characters, the first clause of a verse from Neh. viii. 4: "And Ezra, the Scribe, stood upon a pulpit of wood, which they had made for the purpose." Unfortunately, from its position, this panel is almost invisible. This is the only time the word *pulpit* occurs in the Bible.

What would have been another most interesting relic of former days, the saints'-bell, mentioned in the Visitation, has entirely disappeared. But a chronicler, who wrote about a hundred years ago, though after the new church was built, says, "To this day, the Dissenters, besides frequenting the meeting-house, oftentimes attend the sermon at church." And the present writer remembers to have heard that, in the early part of the eighteenth century, a similar pleasant

state of things obtained in what is now a large manufacturing town lately visited by the Prince and Princess of Wales, where there was then but one church and one chapel, either of them closing its doors when there was a special service and collection at the other, so that the congregations might amalgamate to assist the good cause.

When Ravenstonedale church had been re-built, arose the burning question of appropriating the seats. It was proposed, at a vestry meeting held on June 1st, 1744, that the pews should be allotted in certain proportion to those who had contributed to the assessment, but two Quakers in the dale—Thomas Thornborough and Thomas Close—objected, on conscientious grounds, to the assessment fixed by the vestry, and refused to accept the pew, No. 95, which would otherwise have fallen to them. But by this time Dr. George Fothergill was sufficiently prosperous to buy it, and have it set apart for the poor and lame; and he also presented "a silver chalice or cup with a cover of the same, as, also, a silver decanter for the use of the new church, with a box to preserve the same, in all to the value of twenty pounds. . . . Also, be it further remarked, that the Revd. Mr. Henry Fothergill, another son of the said Henry Fothergill, of Lockholm, Master of Arts, did likewise give three guineas to seal over the chancel in the new church in Ravenstonedale aforesaid, as witness my hand this 9th day of July, 1746."

This document is signed by the vicar, Mr. Mounsey, whose wife (presumably?), as recorded in the parish book in 1764, received 5*s*. for mending the surplice for thirty-four years!! In 1761 her husband, the clergyman of the parish, was paid £1 6*s*. for winding up the clock, "which sum he has received for many years." Evidently, then as now, men's labour was much better paid than women's. Think of the condition of the surplice after thirty-four years of wear and washing!

Ravenstonedale was one of the places which counted a "dog-whipper" among its ecclesiastical officials, up to a comparatively recent period. His duties consisted in keeping the farmers' dogs outside the church, so far as was practicable, and in maintaining order among those who persisted in following their masters inside. The seat he occupied is still pointed out. But, perhaps, the dale's most interesting reminiscence of former times is found in the east window of the church, put in by a Fothergill of Brownber, in memory of his ancestress, Elizabeth Gaunt, who was the last female burnt at the stake in England. "To the glory of God"—so the inscription runs,—"and in memory of Mrs. Gaunt, daughter of Anthony Fothergill of Brownber. She was the last female martyr burnt at Tyburn for the cause of the Protestant religion, October 4, 1685."

This horrible transaction is thus described by David Hume, in his history:—

"Of all the executions during this dismal period (when the iniquitous Jefferies was carrying on his dreadful work), the most remarkable were those of Mrs. Gaunt and Lady Lisle, who had been accused of harbouring traitors. Mrs. Gaunt was an Anabaptist, noted for her benevolence, which she extended to persons of all professions and persuasions. One of the rebels, knowing her humane disposition, had recourse to her in his distress, and was concealed by her. Hearing of the proclamation which offered an indemnity and reward to such as discovered criminals, he betrayed his benefactress, and bore evidence against her. He received a pardon as a recompense for his treachery—she was burnt alive for her charity."

Macaulay, in the first volume of his history, chapter 5th, gives some further details of the tragedy :—

"Among the persons concerned in the Rye House Plot was a man named James Burton. By his own confession he had been present when the design of assassination was discussed by his accomplices. When the conspiracy was detected, a reward was offered for his apprehension. He was saved from death by an ancient matron of the Baptist persuasion, named Gaunt. This woman, with the peculiar manner and phraseology which then distinguished her sect, had a large charity. Her life was passed in relieving the unhappy of all religious denominations, and she was well known as a constant visitor of the gaols. Her political and

theological opinions, as well as her compassionate disposition, led her to do everything in her power for Burton. She procured a boat which took him to Gravesend, where he got on board of a ship bound for Amsterdam. At the moment of parting she put into his hand a sum of money, which, for her means, was very large. Burton, after living some time in exile, returned to England with Monmouth, fought at Sedgemoor, fled to London, and took refuge in the house of John Fernley, a barber in Whitechapel. Fernley was very poor. He was besieged by creditors. He knew that a reward of a hundred pounds had been offered by the Government for the apprehension of Burton. But the honest man was incapable of betraying one who, in extreme peril, had come under the shadow of his roof. Unhappily, it was soon noised abroad that the anger of James was more strongly excited against those who harboured rebels than against the rebels themselves. He had publicly declared that, of all forms of treason, the hiding of traitors from his vengeance was the most unpardonable. Burton knew this. He delivered himself up to the Government; and he gave information against Fernley and Elizabeth Gaunt. They were brought to trial. The villain whose life they had preserved had the heart to appear as the principal witness against them. They were convicted. Fernley was sentenced to the gallows, Elizabeth Gaunt to the stake. Even after all the horrors of that year, many thought it

impossible that these judgments should be carried into execution. But the king was without pity. Fernley was hanged. Elizabeth Gaunt was burned at Tyburn on the same day on which Cornish suffered death in Cheapside. She left a paper, written, indeed, in no graceful style, yet such as was read by many thousands with compassion and horror. 'My fault,' she said, 'was one which a prince might well have forgiven. I did but relieve a poor family, and lo! I must die for it.' She complained of the insolence of the judges, of the ferocity of the gaoler, and of the tyranny of him, the great one of all, to whose pleasure she, and so many other victims, had been sacrificed. In so far as they had injured herself, she forgave them; but in that they were implacable enemies of that good cause which would yet revive and flourish, she left them to the judgment of the King of kings. To the last she preserved a tranquil courage, which reminded the spectators of the most heroic deaths of which they had read in Fox. William Penn, for whom exhibitions which humane men generally avoided seem to have had a strong attraction, hastened from Cheapside, where he had seen Cornish hanged, to Tyburn, in order to see Elizabeth Gaunt burned. He afterwards related that, when she had calmly disposed the straw about her in such a manner as to shorten her sufferings, all the bystanders burst into tears. It was much noticed that, while the foulest judicial murder which had disgraced even those times was perpetrating, a tempest burst

From an Engraving in possession of Miss Fothergill, of Brownber Cottage, Ravenstonedale.

forth, such as had not been known since that great hurricane which had raged round the death-bed of Oliver. The oppressed Puritans reckoned up, not without a gloomy satisfaction, the houses which had been blown down, and the ships which had been cast away, and derived some consolation from thinking that heaven was bearing awful testimony against the iniquity which afflicted the earth. Since that terrible day no woman has suffered death in England for any political offence."

Elizabeth Gaunt belonged to one of the oldest families in Ravenstonedale, members of which are still living there. The Fothergills, indeed, claim descent from one George Fothergill, a Norman baron, and gentleman to William the Conqueror, who helped to take the city of York, after a prolonged resistance, and was rewarded with a grant of the entire valley, which he parcelled out among his followers, reserving for himself Tarn House, and the land about it; and this continued in possession of his descendants until the eighteenth century. The story of the Norman conquest of York, as preserved among the records of the Tower of London, is worth quoting :—

"Duke William the Conqueror, on his coming to the crown of England, found some countries that withstood him. For seven or eight years at the city of York, by no means could he compass or conquer that city. Whereupon he himself, upon St. Thomas' day lay'd seige against that honourable city, yet could he

by no means or policy take it. Returning therefore from the seige that same day, he met with two friars at a town called Skelton, and inquired where they dwelt. They said at York, and were of a poor Priory of St. Peter's there, and had Boon to get some relief for their fellow friars against Christmas. One of them had a wallet with victuals and a shoulder of mutton in his hand, and two great cakes being about his neck, one on his back, and the other on his breast. The other had a bottle of ale, and a wallet filled with beef and mutton.

"With these two, did Duke William, and Sir George Fothergill confer, promising them large gifts if they would let them into their minster, and gave them money. So they did consent to let them in at a postern gate. The Conqueror further promised to repair their priory, and give them large revenues, which afterwards he did perform.

"In short, the king that night sent for his army, and he, and his general Fothergill forthwith took the city, which was governed at that time by a worthy stout Captain Robert Clifford, whom King William did afterward make a Lord, and did give him Skipton Castle, and he knighted four magistrates of York, and set them to aid him in council, and to keep the city for him.

"And then the king bade the magistrates ask what they would, and he would give it them; and they desired that they might have, every St. Thomas' day,

a friar of the Priory of St. Peter's to ride on a horse up and down the streets in York, with the tail in one hand, and a shoulder of mutton in the other, with his face painted like a fool, and a cake upon his back, and another upon his breast, and the boys of the city to ride with him, and proclaim that the city was been betrayed on that day, which custom continues yet among them."

A very similar account is found in Eastmead's "History of Kirkby Moorside," said to be taken from a paper, then (1824) in the possession of Mr. Thomas Bointon, solicitor, Pickering.

Sir George Fothergill was made land-sergeant, and had, in right of his wife—Isabel, sole daughter and heiress of William de Lucy, of Folton—the manors of Granton, Hovingham, Pickering, and many others.

His descendants numbered among them a Lord Treasurer, Chancellor, Master of the Horse, and Warden of the Marches, all high offices of State. One, William de Fothergill, was a cardinal in the reign of King John, and was sent by the Pope to "see the king do his penance at Canterbury, which was performed by whipping his naked body, and enjoined to build the churches again, which he had pulled down." Another was killed at Bosworth; a third took prisoner the King of Scotland, and eight noblemen, at Flodden Field; a fourth was standard-bearer at the battle of Solway Moss. But it is not until we reach William Fothergill, Lord of Bowes Castle, in the reign of

Henry the Seventh, that the fully authenticated history of the family begins. A curious letter is in existence, written by one Alexander Fothergill, of Carr End, Wensleydale, in 1776, which sums up all that was then known, or believed, of the earlier ancestry :—

"Upon a personal inquiry amongst the principal families of Fothergills and others in Ravenstonedale, concerning the pedigree of George Fothergill, as sent down to us, they all believe the said George Fothergill was settled by William the Conqueror at a place called Tarn House, in Ravenstonedale,—that William the Conqueror gave him Ravenstonedale,—that he parcelled the same out among his men, or soldiers,—and that he fixed his captain, whose name was Shaws, at an out corner of the said dale, called Ashby, where his posterity remained until last spring (1775), when that line became extinct by death.

"They are led into this belief, in part by tradition, in part by a book in manuscript, called "The History of Ravenstonedale," handed about among them into this generation, and seen, and read, by some with whom I conversed, but now not to be found.

"This book shows,—the ancient military tenures under which the Fothergills held the said sale and manor, and how they lost the said manor and to whom, —and who held the said manor afterwards, until one of them (the last of the elder branch), for the good of his soul, gave the said manor to the monks of Walton —Gilbertines of the order of St. Sempringham, in

Yorkshire, the tenants holding their farms upon the old-established tenure."

It may be explained here, that the younger branch of the family continued in their estates, though they lived under these ecclesiastics until the dissolution, and during that time they served their king and country, as has already been shown. It was from this second branch of the family that Sir William, Lord of Bowes, who lived in 1513, descended.

To resume the letter: "Upon the dissolution of the abbeys the said manor became vested in the Crown, from whence it was alienated, showing when, and to whom; showing also the most remarkable events as to families, persons, &c. And also, by a pedigree, nearly in the same words with that sent down to us which I showed them, which was found some time ago at Tarn House, and is now extant among them; and also further confirmed by a stone, yet in being, set pretty high up in the wall over the principal entrance into Tarn House.

"I went to see the house, which is now a pretty large, old-fashioned strong house, but nothing of the fortress sort visible. It appears to have been rebuilt, by the figures 1664, cut in two of the door top-stones. But the stone in the wall over the principal door has the appearance of much greater antiquity. Its front is about thirty inches long, and it hath a border about it, that hath been of curious workmanship, but it is in part perished, and overgrown with moss. Upon the

stone, in a compartment like to a shield, is the hart's head, raised full and bold. 'Tis not couped, or cut off, but torn off, or erased.

"There is another hart's head of the same figure, below the said compartment, but not inclosed in a bend.

"These figures are in the middle part of the said stone, on the right and left are other works, but a shower of snow, and night coming on, I could not clearly distinguish them. I could not see any date on this stone. They, also, some time heretofore, found at this said Tarn House, the fragments of an old deed or charter, by which the Fothergill's were freed and discharged from the payment of Horngelt, Danes Gelt, and many other tolls and payments then exacted, and therein enumerated, which deed or charter not only exempted the Fothergills from such payments in England, but in Normandy. These matters confirmed them in the belief that the first George Fothergill was settled at Tarn House, and was Lord or owner of Ravenstonedale, and they fully believe that the several Fothergills mention in the said pedigree were lineal descendants of the said first George Fothergill, though not so stated in the pedigree, and that the chasms therein have been continued, or filled up, by persons below the notice of public records. They can give no account of the family since the last Sir William Fothergill, mentioned in the pedigree, except that a George Fothergill, of Tarn House, was made receiver of the

rents of the lands belonging to the Crown in Cumberland which were assigned to the maintenance of Catherine, Queen Dowerger of King Charles the Second, whose son and heir reduced the estate, and died without issue, and the then remains of the Tarn House estate was sold unto another line or branch of the Fothergills, in which it now remains. The present owner being a low covetous creature, ignorant of everything but saving, and getting money, and even neglects keeping the houses and buildings in repair.

"I have put them upon search after the said manuscript book or history, and before I left them, we traced it into the hands of one family, and there is a chance of its being found, as it is but about forty years since it was seen.

"Having gone as far as I could in personal inquiry, my next view was the church register. I was informed the old register books were badly kept, and almost illigible, and that we could not go far backwards. But we could not make the trial, the person who keeps the books is very infirm and timorous, and at this time under some particular disorder, which rendered it quite improper to trouble him, as we should meet with a refusal.

"My next view was to examine the court books, and records of the manor, wherein the death of every tenant, the admittance of every new tenant, and whether by succession or alienation is, or ought to be recorded, and that ever since the foundation of the manor. But

here, I was again disappointed by finding that the steward of the court always keep the records of the manor, and lives at Appleby, and was now abroad, and no coming at the books but when he is at home.

"In this inquiry I had the assistance of Richard Fothergill of Lockholme, who is one of the oldest, and most considered men in Ravenstonedale, and whose brother, Thomas Fothergill, is a person of considerable eminence in one of the universities of Cambridge or Oxford. And also of Thomas Fothergill of Brownber, son of Anthony Fothergill, author of the book called, 'Wicked Christians, practical atheists.' They called on such of their neighbours as were most likely to assist in my inquiry, and cheerfully undertook to take the first proper opportunity to see the church and court books and records, and inform me how they are kept, and of the probability of succeeding in our inquiry by them. Neither of these persons, tho' of good rank and estate, can trace their pedigree to the Tarn House family, though they fully believe all the Fothergills derive from that house, but neither of them can go beyond their great-grandfather.

"This inquiry hath been too long neglected since the pedigree came here, in part owing to the poor prospect of succeeding to trace out what is wanted, but, being now begun, and a sort of plan laid out for going further, I intend to pursue it as far as I can.

"(Signed), ALEXANDER FOTHERGILL, of Car End,
"Wensleydale, Yorks."

DR. JOHN FOTHERGILL,
BROTHER OF ALEXANDER FOTHERGILL, OF CARR END.

(*From a Portrait in possession of Miss Mary Fothergill, of Brownber.*)

There also exists a letter from the Rev. Henry Fothergill, dated Bath, November 20th, 1744, on the same subject :—

"DEAR BROTHER,

"Since I writ last, one Mr. Fothergill, a person of a very considerable fortune, has been at this place from London. This gentleman has been at some pains to inquire into the history of the family, and he has shown me some writings, which I have copied over, which plainly show that the family of the Fothergills of Ravenstondale, in the County of Westmoreland, were a very considerable family from the time of William the Conqueror, till the latter end of Henry VIII., when the writings end.

"Sir George Fothergill, as the writings inform me, of Rossendale, was born in Normandy, and was gentleman to Duke William, aforesaid, at the taking of the city of York. This Sir George was General to the Conqueror, and I conjecture that he settled in Rossendale after the Conquest, that he might be ready, in case of any disturbance, to keep the northern counties in subjection. And I find, by these writings, that there were some eminent men of this name in almost every reign, from the time of William the Conqueror, till the end of Henry VIII.'s reign.

"But, I'll not trouble you with particulars, because I hope I shall, some time or other, have an opportunity of sending the writings themselves. . . ."

It seems, therefore, pretty certain, from the foregoing communications, that there were documents in existence up to the middle of the eighteenth century which traced the pedigree of the Fothergills of Brownber, and Lockholme, to the mediæval race which contributed so many famous men to the service of the State. But, as wars and fightings ceased, their descendants were cut off from the sources of fame open to their ancestors, until it once more became their lot to revive, by the use of their brains, some of the glories of the olden times.

But whatever the precise pedigree, it is certain that during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries there were at least three families of well-to-do Fothergills living in Ravenstonedale. The oldest branch occupied Tarn House at the southern end of the valley, near the present high-road to Sedburgh. The Tarn House family seems to have died out about 1776, but in 1884 the property was repurchased by Mr. Fothergill, of Brownber, the only representative of the old clan remaining in the dale.

Brownber is quite at the north end of the valley, not far from the present railway-station, and both George, its first owner, and Henry, his elder brother, who settled at Lockholme, which lies midway between the other two houses, seem to have been sons of one James Fothergill, brother to Sir William Fothergill, Knight, of Rossendale, and standard-bearer to King Henry VIII. at the battle of Solway Moss, who lived

at Lockholme in the time of Philip and Mary, about 1555. There is not much information available respecting this Henry Fothergill, but it seems probable that he somehow lost the estate; for an old deed still exists in which it is stated that Lockholme then belonged to Simon Alderson, an ancestor of Baron Alderson, the late Marchioness of Salisbury's father, and was given by him to his daughter Margaret, who became the wife of Henry Fothergill's second son, George, and died at a great age in 1731. This is "the aged grandmother" so frequently referred to, afterwards, in the letters. She survived her husband fifty-seven years, who, dying in 1674, left two daughters and one son, Henry, who could not have been more than three years old when his mother was left a widow. He grew up at Lockholme, and, in 1700, married Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Fawcett, of Rotten Moor, Warcup, Westmoreland. To this couple was born a goodly family of seven sons, and two daughters, both of whom died young in 1713. They all lived at, and were brought up at Lockholme, "the aged grandmother" always forming part of the family circle.

Lockholme, or Loccum Hall, as it was and is still called in local parlance, though now a rather untidy farmhouse, is situated not far from the high-road between Sedbergh and Kirkby Stephen. It is within an easy walk of Coldbeck, the chief village in the dale, where there may be found a newly built inn, with

"all modern conveniences," in place of the old thatched alehouse, dear to the ancient gossips. Above the door at Lockholme is a stone slab, bearing date 1697, but whether this commemorates the building, or rebuilding, of the house by Henry Fothergill, its first occupant of whom we have any assured information, seems not to be known.

It is the smallest of the three Fothergill houses—a square, plastered, decaying place, with a group of farm buildings, shaded by trees in the rear. These trees stand up against a background of surrounding hills. A fussy, sparkling little stream bustles through the fields in front. All round about lie the green meadows, a winter feeding-ground for the sheep, which in these dales are the farmer's chief asset. So isolated is the house, that it is still only approached by a narrow, stony track, barely wide enough for a cart, which ends in a boggy meadow, across which lies the hall. This cart track may, very possibly, be a survivor of the old pack-horse roads, formerly called "rakes," which, a hundred and fifty years ago, were still the chief means of communication in the district. It will be seen, hereafter, that George Fothergill, eldest son of Henry, made his first journey to Oxford on horseback, in company with the carrier. For there then existed but two main roads, passing the northern and southern ends of the dale,—the former being the ancient Roman highway from Boroughbridge, through Brough, to Scotland, the

other, leading from Kirkby Stephen, seven miles away, over Ashfell.

Locomotion being thus so difficult, it is not surprising to find that, when the sons of a family went out into the world, they seldom revisited their old home. Thus, after George Fothergill left Lockholme for Oxford, at the age of sixteen, he did not return to it more than two or three times before his death, at the age of fifty-five. It was four or five years after his departure before he visited it at all. Of his brother Henry's visits we have no records until after his marriage, and Thomas, afterwards provost of Queen's College, appears to have been almost as rarely as his brothers.

But it is evident, from the letters, that they all retained a strong affection for their birthplace, and for their parents, whose opinions were deferred to, and whose advice was constantly sought by their sons.

Indeed, the Westmoreland statesman and his wife must have been persons of refined and cultivated minds, and most sincere piety, and to their loving training, the future success and well-ordered lives of their sons must have been mainly due.

The front door of Lockholme—the visibly oldest thing about the place, which bears upon it the letters H.F. and the date 1667—now faces towards the south and Wild Boar Fell; but, a hundred years ago, it was on the east side of the house, its former place being yet marked by various inequalities in the plaster.

Otherwise, it remains as it did when Henry Fothergill's ten children played about the meadows, or helped the purchasers of sheep and lambs to guide their flock down the narrow path, across the single stone slab which spans the brook, as the writer saw the twentieth-century little lad doing on the day of her visit.

But changes come, even in Rossendale. Of old Henry Fothergill's seven sons, Richard, the second, alone walked in his father's steps, and succeeded him on the farm. Two years before his death, he, having only daughters, conveyed the property to his eldest surviving brother, Thomas, Provost of Queen's, whose son eventually sold it in 1808. Born and bred far away from the dale, he could have had no sentimental feeling respecting it.

And the old house now seems likely to follow its former owners, the south front being so decayed and bulging that, this very spring of 1904, it is to be taken down, and rebuilt, new windows are to be put in, and, perhaps—who knows!—the ancient oak door with its inscription may be swept away. A finely carved oak bureau, with the initials E. F. and date, 1700, probably brought on her marriage by Elizabeth Fawcett, also a handsome oak cupboard once fixed to the wall, which is mentioned in the letters as holding the family books, were removed by the present owner some few months ago. There remain a good oak staircase and banisters, a panelled parlour, a carved fireplace, and a most curious toasting-fork, in black

oak, shaped like a gun-carriage, with three prongs so that three pieces of bread could be toasted at once. At least, this latter curiosity was there in 1888. Also, in some few hearts—very few now—an abiding memory.

Old Henry Fothergill was one of the statesmen of the dale, a member of the jury of twenty-four, and one of those on whose land, in the time of his son Richard, was levied the assessment which provided funds for the rebuilding of the parish church. In Rossendale, the title of "statesman" was still counted an honourable one, and the people about were wont to say, respectfully, of this or that small owner of land, "He is a statesman," and to look up to him accordingly.

Old Henry Fothergill died in 1753, aged eighty-three, his wife surviving until 1766, to the age of eighty-seven. His eldest son George, having given up his birthright, as it were, for a collegiate life, the second son, Richard, succeeded his father at Lockholme. Very early in life, when he was not more than twenty, Richard is said to have married "a cheerful, good-natured wife, who loved him most tenderly." They lived at first at Crossbanks, a small property his father bought from Michael Knewstubb, not far from Lockholme. Here, four daughters were born, who are most amusingly described in a letter from their father to his brother George at Oxford. About 1741 Richard, and a partner named John Richardson, took the Wharton

Hall farm, and thence many letters are dated. But the venture does not seem to have prospered, perhaps owing to bad seasons; and Richard's ill luck culminated one winter when his partner absconded, omitting to pay his share of the rent. This could not have been long before his father's death, for in 1753 we find him removed to Lockholme, where, during the next ten years, three of his daughters married, and one, the youngest, "little Sally," died. "Sarah," writes her father, in a letter hereafter to be quoted, "is a very pleasant little creature, but as to anything further, time must make the discovery." This letter is undated, but must have been written about 1750. It is the last mention we have of the poor child. Richard, himself, died in 1785.

Henry, the third son, born 1710, being apparently considered a youth of parts, was sent to Appleby school, then of considerable reputation in the district. It seems to have been refounded during the reign of Elizabeth, various endowments were left for its use, and its scholars had many important privileges at Queen's College, Oxford.

George Fothergill enjoyed one of its scholarships at the university; so, in his turn, did Henry, who had the additional advantage of having a good brother sufficiently established there to smooth his way for him. It is the pioneer who suffers most, as succeeding letters show, and George's early struggles are pitiful reading, and make us glad to know Henry was spared

some of his difficulties. It was by George's advice that, instead of trying for a scholarship, Henry was ordained to a curacy with Archdeacon Huddleston, at Kelston, about three miles from Bath; and arrangements were made for him to reside in the house of the archdeacon's brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Harrington, the lord of the manor, the young clergyman evidently acting as tutor to that gentleman's sons, though the fact is nowhere plainly stated. One of these sons became a pupil of George Fothergill's at Oxford, and afterwards a fashionable doctor in Bath, his name often occurring in Madame d'Arblay's journal, when she is staying there with Mrs. Thrale.

Henry took his Master's degree in 1737, and removed to Bath, as chaplain to Bishop Lavington, in 1742. Five years later he was appointed by that prelate to the living of Cheriton Bishop, in Devonshire. Among the letters will be found a most curious account of his marriage to Elizabeth Sheyler, the only surviving daughter, and heiress, of Thomas Sheyler, formerly of Shockerwick near Bath, whose estate was confiscated and sold because he took part with the Pretender when the inhabitants of Bath, Bristol, and Oxford joined his cause. The lady, in this case, appears to have done most of the wooing; the wedding taking place in the spring or early summer of 1749, two years after Henry's appointment to his vicarage. But, as Mrs. Fothergill retained her house in Bath, they seem to have divided their time between the two

places, and one of Henry's letters gives a graphic account of the perils they encountered during these journeyings.

The only child of this marriage, Thomas, was born about ten years later. He accompanied his adventurous parents on several visits to Lockholme, on one occasion spending eleven days on the way, driving in a hired coach. This Thomas became a Doctor of Divinity, and vicar of Tweeton near Bath. He married in 1800, and died in 1821. A granddaughter of his, Lydia Fothergill, was living in Exeter in 1900. Henry, himself, died in 1792, aged eighty-two; Elizabeth, his wife, survived until January, 1795. She and her son are buried in the abbey at Bath.

Of William, the fourth son, born 1713, little information is available beyond what is contained in a letter from his brother Thomas, in which the worthy Provost gives a short sketch of each of his brothers. As he was next in age to William, he probably knew him better than others of the family. Like George, William seems to have gone to the endowed school in Ravenstonedale, which had been founded by an earlier Fothergill, a member of the Brownber family, who was Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1668. This school was further benefited, on its rebuilding in 1758, by William's brothers, George, Henry, and Thomas. But William, unlike his brothers, does not seem to have continued his education elsewhere. He married early, and stayed in the dale,

probably settling at Crossbanks when Richard moved to Lockholme. His wife, Alice, died at the birth of her first child, leaving "little Harry" to become the pet of the family. He grew into a very promising youth, and was a Taberdar at Oxford, under the care of his uncle Thomas. But his mother would appear to have left a legacy of ill health to her son. He showed symptoms of consumption, and when the fell disease could not be checked, was sent from college to Bristol Hot-Wells, in hopes the change might benefit him. But though Provost Thomas provided him with every comfort, his days were numbered. On June 9th, 1769, he wrote his last grateful letter home; on June 27th, of the same year, he died. He lies buried beside his uncle George, in the chapel of St. Edmund's Hall, while a monument in Ravenstonedale church still records his virtues. He was only twenty-two when he died.

His father, William, who was "endowed with a generous and good temper to a very high degree," became a great help and comfort to his parents, on whom years were now beginning to tell. He may, very likely, have gone back to live with them at Lockholme after his wife's death, but, however that may have been, he ended his days there with Richard and Sarah—a solitary man, who died in 1782, aged seventy-one, two years before Richard.

Doctor Thomas Fothergill, the fifth son, had a more chequered career. He began it in 1715;

matriculated at Queen's College on July 13th, 1734, when he was eighteen; was elected Fellow in 1751; served as Vice-Chancellor from 1772 to 1776; and in 1775 was presented to the fifth prebendal stall in Durham Cathedral. He died, August 30th, 1796, aged eighty.

We learn from Dr. Magrath, the present Provost of Queen's, that Thomas was unanimously elected Provost in 1767, seven years after his brother George's death. George himself had, earlier, applied for the post, but no reference to this occurs in any of the letters. In the Queen's College register, however, stands the following, under date December 3rd, 1756:—

"Dr. Joseph Smith, late Provost of Queen's Coll., deceased on the 23rd day of November last. Eight days afterwards, the Fellows, fourteen in number, proceeded to a scrutiny, in which the number of votes for Dr. Joseph Browne, and Dr. George Fothergill was equal. The second scrutiny being had the next day, there was an equal number of votes as before. There was the same equality on the tenth, and last day's scrutiny. Upon which the question was put, 'If either of the candidates had a majority of the Seniors?' and, as the number of Seniors has never yet, as far as we know, been determined by good and sufficient authority, the electors unanimously agreed upon six as the proposed number of Seniors; and it appearing that this number was equally divided between the two candidates, and Dr. Browne being the senior

ANTHONY FOTHERGILL, OF BROWNBER, WESTMORELAND.
DIED 1761.

(From an Oil Painting in possession of John W. Fothergill, Esq., Brownber, Ravenstonedale.)

candidate, he was—as the statute directs—declared duly elected Provost, to which the electors unanimously agreed."

Among the Fellows who voted was Thomas Fothergill, who, it may be presumed, was one of the seven who supported Dr. George.

Brother Thomas is described as "being of a jolly, rubicund complexion, though a very bashful man." His conversation was pithless and insipid. This makes it the more extraordinary that "in his old age" —he was about fifty-five—he should take to himself a wife, and "it was the general wonderment that he should have found courage to ask any one to marry him." But Mary Billingsley was not afraid of the shy Don, and wedded him on January 23rd, 1769. She was a niece of Lord Chancellor Hardwicke, the first Lord Hardwicke. They had two daughters, and one son, Henry, who, as we have told, succeeded to, and sold Lockholme.

There is no record of any visits paid to his early home by Thomas during his father's and brother Richard's lifetime, but he wrote frequently and affectionately to Richard, and it is possible that, when Lockholme became his own property, he may have destroyed any letters from himself that he found there, to his father. There are none remaining of later date than 1767, and consequently no mention of his marriage.

But, nine years after this event—in December,

1778—the Provost and his young family were placed in considerable danger by a fire, which broke out at the college, and raged most fiercely in the neighbourhood of the Provost's lodgings. Two interesting accounts of it remain, given by a couple of Undergraduates, who assisted to extinguish it. The first is from a Mr. J. James, in a letter addressed to his father :—

"Oxford, Friday morning, Dec. 18th.

"I have just time, if my hand will but be steady, to sit down after toiling from four o'clock till twelve in extinguishing a fire. Just Heaven! how thankful may I be that I have been no sharer in the loss, nor a great deal in the danger of this very miserable morning! Recollect, my dear father, the right-hand side of the new quadrangle. All this that yesterday was, in point of elegance, superior to any building in Oxford, is now smoking, and in ashes. This morning, about four o'clock, I was alarmed by a lad loud thundering at my door, and the word, 'Fire,' a word which I have all along dreaded more than aught else, was re-echoed from various parts of my staircase. I leapt out of bed, and ran to my door, in the utmost agitation. It was in the other quadrangle. Thither I hurried, half dressed, and beheld one of the most terrible spectacles in nature. The flame had just laid hold of the Provost's, Dr. Fothergill's, nursery. His nursery! His children

rushed upon my mind at once. You may conceive my distraction! But I was happy in being told that these were safe, that his wife and family had got out of the Lodge, and, as for the furniture, what was the furniture to these! The wind was far from being high, but still sufficient to drive it forwards towards the chapel. It proceeded with the greatest rapidity. The lead that covered the roof, with all the rafters, &c., began to fall, flaming, into the rooms below. It blazed now, with great violence. The whole city was raised, and engines—for shame upon us that we have none at Queen's!—were brought from various parts. But, from the crowd, &c., were not got to play right for two hours. In the mean time the flames descended into the second story. The curtains before the Provost's windows were burnt. We saw his furniture, desks, bureau, library, in a blaze. The glare, at so dark an hour, was terrible beyond description. The spires at a distance reflected it. Think of it! how hideous! The Lodge, which is in the middle, and several rooms on each side, were all on fire. I watched the course of it in one room which I knew. I saw the tapestry, pictures, glasses, and other valuables, catch the flame, fall down, and communicate it to the floor. The floors on all sides began to sink with a horrid uproar. And yet the engines were numbly and unskilfully applied. No water, no buckets, no order, and the fire roaring against all their efforts. I rushed to the Doctor's rooms. He was distracted. The

flame was gaining ground, and we assisted to remove his effects. He made many apologies, but this was no time for punctilio. We hurried away his desks, books, and pictures, &c.

"The wainscoating was next stripped. The fire still gained ground. We were summoned to the Library. Here, I sweated under a load of folios which were conveyed to St. Edmund's Hall. We broke a window, and tossed all the collection of books into the square below. The boar" [a cast of the Florentine boar, presented to the College by Sir Roger Newdigate, and now in the Randolph gallery] "was carried down with difficulty. The Chapel next was an object of care. The lamps, cloths, &c., were secured. Upon returning into the first quadrangle, the whole front of eighty yards, excepting the Doctor's chambers, was in a blaze. The chief care, now, was to prevent it reaching the Hall.

"The engines squirted—for it deserves no better name—to no purpose. They began to strip the lead, and cut away the timbers. This offered well. Till at last, after seven hours' incessant labour, the fire was got under. The rooms, from one end to the other, have all suffered, the Library excepted, and this formerly superb building is a mere shell, black and empty. No lives were lost. The damage I cannot compute. One Gentleman Commoner has lost £100. The Provost, poor man! has not suffered very much in furniture, but his family are driven out of house and home. The

fine green is now a puddle, covered with smouldering ashes, and the ruins of the edifice. The fire broke out in an empty garret. The bedmakers, we suspect, have been the cause, as 'tis probable they held their club there."

The second letter, containing some additional details, was written by George Marthwaite, of Ravenstonedale, to Richard Ryland, on December 28th, 1778, when presumably the excitement had somewhat calmed down :—

"My hands and fingers are hurt; being on the unhurt side of the house, I exerted myself for the Provost's Library, and our public one. Here, the chairs, and bolts, and fragments hurt me in taking out, and next morning I was obliged to handle them all again to get the books separated and cleared from furniture, where they were bruising and tearing one another, and individuals coming to pull out a table or chair without much regard. This kind of work continued for seven days, stooping, lifting, legs swelling. I have now brought all back from Edmund Hall, and rear'd on shelves. Stooping is over: they are visible; and any individual, if honest, may pick out a straggler of his own, and go away in peace. But, when I first appeared, next morning—consider,—three men were walking over books and furniture in the Taberdars' Common-room, sent by individuals who did not know the circumstances, to pick out furniture. While I was

scolding them came two more, sent by the Provost as blindly. This room was full to the door, all entanglement. I gradually emptied this room, and so of others, a vast work when to be done by weary men, for the servants had mostly been up that second night, and the engine occasionally played on the ruins, and these servants were employed two days more at Edmund Hall. MSS. of the Library and Provost being particularly in my mind, I handled as much as I could with my own hands.

"I saw the fire from my window blazing out at the roofs to the south of the Provost's nursery" [the three windows in the pediment], "the engines could not raise the water over the battlement. This was the great circumstance,—it spread roofwise both ways, roofs falling in on lower rooms, and *ad libitum* down staircases, which have no windows to the Quad; the measure adopted was to get on the top, and cut through downwards to save the Library, &c., &c. The rooms prior to the Common-room, where Dr. Nicholson, and over him Mr. Radcliffe lived, were burned, and partly destroyed for stoppage. Common-room chimney-piece I moved, and it is replaced scarcely hurt. Two men, in my absence, began to strip the wainscot, but on good news forbore. The Provost's great parlour is rather preserved, and the ground floor to the street. The Provost's books and furniture comfortable."

A further curious little side-light is thrown on the

incidents at this fire in the following quotation from the Radcliffe correspondence :—

"Two whole staircases," says Mr. Radcliffe, "and the Provost's lodgings presented, in the space of a few hours, nothing but ruin and desolation. The fire broke out in the nursery" [this is apparently a mistake]. "The children and wife were quickly rescued. Dr. Fothergill himself, stepped out, in cap, wig, and gown, much singed. He called on all to join him in prayer, and then laboured among them in extinguishing the flames. The Library was saved, but the books must have been damaged. The fire did not reach the Chapel."

After thus running the risk of losing his life, rather than appear otherwise than in full academic attire, it is not surprising to learn that the Provost was so wedded to habit, and so punctilious of etiquette, that he had gained in his college the nickname of "Old Customary," just as his elder brother, Principal George, had been known as "Old Snod."

Thomas, like his brother, had many pupils, among whom, one of the most distinguished, was Jeremy Bentham. The great Dr. Johnson received his degree at the Provost's hands, when he was Vice-Chancellor, as recorded by Boswell: "He has this morning received his diploma as Doctor of Laws from the University of Oxford. He did not vaunt much of his new dignity, but I understood he was highly pleased with it. It is remarkable that he never, so far

as I know, assumed his title of Doctor, but called himself Mr. Johnson, as appears from many of his cards and notes to myself, and I have seen many from him to other persons, in which he uniformly takes that designation. I once observed on his table a letter directed to him with the addition of Esquire, and objected to it, as being a designation inferior to that of Doctor, but he checked me, and seemed pleased with it, because, as I conjectured, he liked to be sometimes taken out of the class of literary men to be merely genteel—*un gentilhomme comme un autre.*"

Is not that a delicious little touch of human weakness in the man ?

Dr. Johnson gives his own version of the event in his 99th letter to Mrs. Thrale : " The other Oxford news is that they have sent me a degree of Doctor of Laws, with such praises in the diploma as perhaps ought to make me feel ashamed. They are very like your praises. I wonder whether I shall ever show it to you."

The diploma is, of course, in Latin, and is signed by the Rev. Thomas Fothergill, S.T.P., Universitatis Oxoniensis Vice Chancellaris, S.P.D.

The portrait of the Provost still hangs in the Common-room Gallery of his College, and represents him as more robust than his elder brother, whose likeness is in the dining-hall at St. Edmund's Hall. There is another portrait of him at Lowther Castle. He died August 30th, 1796, aged eighty.

Of the two youngest brothers less is known, and, with the exception of a couple of letters from James, written after he went to Kendal Grammar School, at George's expense, they seem to have left no correspondence behind them. James, born on 1719, is said to have been a youth of "rare endowments for virtue and goodness." His letters certainly give a pleasing impression of him. The first is dated, Kendal, February 24, $173\frac{3}{4}$.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"Before I left Lockholme, I imagined the pain of parting from you would be something allay'd with gladness for the way it was in: but I found it quite otherwise; every grain of joy was fled ere I reached Kendal, and I could scarce have thanked brother Richy for his horse. It so gnawed upon my heart on Saturday, at night, and Sunday morning especially, that I thought I should never have come to myself again, and that this world would never be got struggled through. But thanks be to Him that supports us in all difficulties, I am in good health, and civilly treated by everybody, both at home and at school, and have the happiness of seeing brother Joseph every day. Under all these advantages I live very happily.

"We break up first Thursday, and begin next, and what to do about coming home I cannot tell. To come, it would spare half a crown, and be very

agreeable to my own inclination: but then the time is so little since I came, it would look strange; and to come in my good coat, and wear it five or six days, would ruin it; and then it is but a fortnight till I hope to see you, dear father, and brother Richy.

"And, I hope, I may improve myself something more here that week, of which I stand need enough, so I think it will be better to get my tasks here, employ my time as well as I can. If you wish me to come, you may let me know from Kirkby, or before Thursday.

"Some of this town took one Young, a shoemaker, yesterday, who had listed as soldier, and deserted, some say seventeen times, some seven, the fewest I can hear of are three or four. He has father and mother, wife, and children, who all saw him led to the dungeon. They'll carry him to-day or to-morrow to Appleby, to lye there till some of his Ridgement come for him, when he expects nothing but being shot to death.

"Oh! dear mother! you should not fret at parting with your children. Joseph gives his duty to you, and bid me tell you Mr. Martiall (or Marshall?), came one day into their shop, and asked John if you had yet disposed of your son. John told him who Joseph was, and he said no more. Joseph thought it best to inform you, as brother George seemed not entirely satisfied with the place he is in, that you might think of it before you came. Remember me to my kind

master Mr. Couldston, and desire him to be so good as to send me, by you, Dryden's translation of Juvenal. Give my hearty love to Richy, and Willy, and sister Sarah, and to everybody you think for, however, to my good friend Mr. William Fawcett. Pray never fail to remember me in your prayers. . . ."

James' second letter is dated March 17th, in the same year :—

"Joseph and I are both very well and hearty here (God be thanked). We can spend an hour now any evening together very sweetly, talking of Lockholme, and Crossbank. . . . My good landlady gives her service to you, and desires you would send her something, first Saturday, she having to go to Lancaster next Saturday. I think five shillings may do, which, dear father, if you can, you must not fail to send her. You must pray send me Brown's abstract of Walker's Rhetoric. I have purchased a Pliny here, of 4*s.* 6*d.* value, for 1*s.* till Christmas.

"Give my hearty love to brother Willy, and everybody at Crossbank, and pray do not fail to remember me in your prayers, who am,

"Your ever dutiful son,

"James Fothergill.

"Tell Willie I expect a letter from him, first Saturday, and I hope I shall receive one from you

next Saturday. A letter every week will be my weekly refreshment."

And so the curtain rings down on this promising young life, for James died the same year, just as he was preparing to go to Oxford. He was barely twenty, and was the first of the Fothergill sons to leave this "wicked world." Later on, it will be seen how his brother George bewails his loss.

Joseph, the youngest of the family, born, or rather christened, in 1723—for of the birthdays of the children no exact date remains, the parish registers being the only source of information,—took quite a different line in life. He was evidently apprenticed to some trade in Kendal, and may, perhaps, have travelled for his firm, as almost the only notice there is of him in the family correspondence relates to his being taken suddenly ill at Whitehaven, where Richard and William went to nurse him, and bring him home, in 1748. It is noteworthy, also, that the only letter remaining from old Henry Fothergill, of Lockholme, is addressed to this, his youngest, son :—

"May 2, 1740.

"WELL-BELOVED SON,

"This comes to let thee know that we both families are all in good health, blessed be our kind Benefactor for all the mercie we daily enjoy. On Monday we heard from thy dear brothers, George and

Henry, and an account they were all well; and thy dear brother George is very good and kind; and thy dear brother Henry has a living given him, and says in his, he thinks it will not be less than £120 a year, but he thinks it will be more, and he intends, God Almighty willing, to see us in the latter end of July, or the beginning of August.

"The dear mother desires to know if thou would have thy stockings plain or ribbt. No more. But desiring thee to be careful to live in the fear of God, and in the performance of thy duty to those with whom thou sojourns, desiring to be interested in thy prayers when thou goest to the Throne of Grace. And we continue thy dear parents,

"HENRY AND ELIZABETH FOTHERGILL.

"To Joseph Fothergill—living at Kendal."

Joseph married, in due course, one Jane Stonehouse, of Sedberg, and in this did rather a daring thing, as the young men of Ravenstonedale were expected, by long custom, to take their wives out of the valley; and, indeed, about a hundred years ago, so strong was the feeling there, the young ladies issued a written protest against their "swains taking to themselves foreign partners." Every one, in those days, who did not belong to the dale was called "a foreigner."

Joseph regarded the traditions of his family so far, that both his sons became graduates of Queen's College; and he seems to have prospered greatly in

his business, whatever it was, for there is a story that he came, in later life, to visit some relatives at Sedgefield, in a chaise and pair, accompanied by his wife, and her maid. He survived all the rest of his generation, dying at Lockholme, in 1799, aged seventy-six.

Perhaps the very best account of this interesting family, because a contemporary one, is to be found in a long undated letter from Thomas, written to his stay-at-home brother Richard, after James's death in 1751, and before George became Principal of St. Edmund's Hall. It is true there seems to be no signature to it, but it was addressed from Oxford, and is more likely to have been the work of Thomas than of George, because George could have known little of the younger members of his family, Thomas himself being but seven years old when the oldest brother left home, James three, and Joseph yet unborn.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I cannot tell what sort of an entertainment I shall furnish out for you by this carrier; but I intend we shall make a visit to people not yet raised into being. The novelty of the subject must make amends for the poverty of the performance. I remember, Richy, we have often pleased ourselves with inquieries after our forefathers, and have been mightily entertained with but very imperfect accounts of what such men they were, and what characters they

bore, in the time they lived. Some of our posterity may, perhaps, be as inquisitive as we have been, and think it (a hundred years hence) no unpleasing employment, to guess at the tempers and characters of us, who have the present period of time allotted to act in.

"I sometimes, consider myself as bearing a part in the conversation of this future assembly, and shall therefore send you what guesses we may suppose can be made, what traces will remain of our family at that distant period of time.

"About that time, perhaps, it will be said, lived Henry Fothergill. He was accounted a very pious, honest man, one that did not much concern himself in parish affairs, though he did not wholly withdraw himself from them ; for we find, he had been several times of the grand jury, and they say 'tis he that's mentioned in the copy of the brief for rebuilding the church—and, indeed, I am apt to believe it, for the church and steeple were certainly both rebuilt in the latter part of his time, and there was no other Harry Fothergill remarkable in the parish at this time besides.

"His wife (we are not assured where she came from)," [this must be intended for a humorous hit at his mother, for her parentage and early home were perfectly well known in the dale], "but she was an exceeding wise and discreet woman, of an uncommon tenderness towards her children, and universally

esteemed for her prudence and care in the management of her family. These two lived a long time very happily together, and were man and wife between forty and fifty years.

"Reach hither that old 'Nelson's Fasts and Festivals,' and you'll see that they had nine children. Here, you see, two died very young, and so we have not heard much of them. George was the eldest son, a man of great abilities, and uncommon prudence and discernment in his actions. Something of a cautious, reserved, serious disposition, though very cheerful and entertaining betimes, especially with two or three cordial friends by whom he knew himself to be much esteemed.

"He was perceived, almost in his childhood, to have so strong a bent for learning, that his father was persuaded (though, indeed, he always had a mind to breed up some of his sons scholars) to send him to Oxford.

"It was said he made great progress in learning, and was highly esteemed by the most distinguished men there, which is not at all unlikely. For here are still some of his sermons remaining, which seem to be wrote with great strength of reason, and good sense, and were, I'll warrant you, accounted fine sermons in those times. In short, he passed through the world with a great character for learning and piety, and died possessed of good preferments in the Church.

"Their second son, Richard, was of quite a different turn. He was of a cheerful, lively disposition, and loved mirth and good humour. He was very affable and human, loved to see all around him happy, much given to reading, which brought him in such stores of good sense, and so much assisted his natural elocution, that he had soon the advantage over those of his own rank, and was admitted into the conversation of men far his superior in age and fortune. He was very happy in a cheerful, good-natured wife, who loved him most tenderly, and no couple ever enjoyed more domestic comfort than they.

"He had a strange art of pleasing people, especially those below him, nor, indeed, did he ever fail in winning the esteem and favour of any he regarded. But, then, he was not always so careful in keeping alive the good opinion of others as he was in gaining it. For the first and common restraints of a new friendship being over, a certain vivacity and openness of temper would betray him into some levities, which, however diverting and innocent, are not the greatest recommendations to a lasting esteem. He had a very generous and noble turn of mind, was greatly beloved in his lifetime, and much lamented and talked of at his death, and was said never to have lost a sensible friend.

"Henry, the next son, was a very ingenious man, and educated at Oxford. He was of a timid and tender disposition, though not without some mixture

of peevishness in it. He lived rather in good understanding with all, than intimacy with any. He was accounted by all a man of good breeding and much politeness, and was seldom, if ever, known to give offence. He passed very peaceably through the world, and left a fair character behind him.

"Willy was the fourth son, a man who was endowed with a generous and good temper, to a very high degree. He had no very entertaining or witty turn in conversation, yet the known goodness of his heart made him acceptable everywhere. And sure, never man was possessed of a greater share of general goodwill than he, and perhaps few ever deserved it better, for he was the truest friend, with the least show imaginable; nor was it possible for any man to be oppressed if his endeavours could be of service, for he was always most ready and willing to do a kindness, out of the pure goodness of his heart, without any design or expectation of a return.

"He was a great support to his father, and much beloved by him. He's spoke of, to this day, as a very honest man, and all the old people bless his descendants.

"Tom was a man of a very different character to all intents and purposes, for he did not care how great a name and sway he had, and how little real service he did to deserve them. He had little to commend him but a volatile tongue, some humour, and a good share of resolution; and yet, I don't know how it was, he

was generally of more consideration than his elder brother. He was a strange mixture of jollity and gravity. We have heard some old people say, that, in conversation, he was apt to give too great a liberty both to his tongue and fancy; others, that he was too stiff and reserved. But, I fancy, this might be owing to his being among strangers, or among his intimate acquaintances, by whom he knew himself to be pretty well esteemed. Though he was very ambitious, we never hear that he made much out. They say he died in some part of the south country, and left a great family behind him.

"James was next, a youth of rare endowments for virtue and goodness. He was indefatigable on the improvement of his mind, by reading the best authors, which, well digested, gave him such a noble and generous way of thinking as raised him far above the common rank. Yet, far from being anyways proud or assuming, he was always full of condescension and humanity, and was of such an inimitable sweetness, fancy, and delight in conversation as mightily endeared him to all his acquaintance. His wit was very bright and sparkling, but then, so happily tempered by innocence and good-nature, that no one had ever cause to wish it less. He was a great lover of open, innocent, and improving conversation, and was in such high delight upon these occasions that his whole heart, sentiments, and soul were his friends. He had a great abhorrence of vice and meanness, even so far as not to

be able to disguise his sentiments before the persons despised. These were virtues which gave his friends mighty hopes of his, one day or other, making a great name.

"But Heaven saw fit to dispose of him otherwise. He was cut off in the pride and flower of his youth, just before he had finished his twentieth year. His death caused a universal sorrow, and was a very sore affliction to his aged parents, and brought inexpressible grief into the whole family, which was always remarkable for their tender affection for one another.

"Joseph was the youngest child. He was of a very cautious, but, withal, soft and tender disposition, which unfitted him very much for bearing hard usage. His notions were not so elevated as most of his brothers' were, for he could be content to place his highest ambition in getting money, though he was not covetous.

"He served his time to a trade in Kendal, and at last died possessed of a very competent fortune, which was acquired rather by constant attendance upon business, than by any bold or uncommon adventures in it."

They are all gone now—these men who once so bravely played their part on the world's stage. George, the son of struggle, was the first to be called from his dear university, and beloved academic life. He lies in the chapel of St. Edmund's Hall. Beside him rests

that promising young nephew, son of William and Alice, whose college course was cut short ere it had well begun. Henry sleeps at Cheriton Bishop, his far-away Devonshire cure. Thomas rests at Queen's College.

In what is still called "The new Ravenstonedale Church," which he helped to build, old Henry Fothergill and his wife have their monument, erected by their five surviving sons, in 1767, not only to their memory, but to that of the young brother and sisters, who repose beside them. It is difficult to read now, in the dim light, and therefore may be fitly quoted here:—

"Near this place, on the outside, lie—
The remains of those two excellent persons, HENRY and ELIZABETH FOTHERGILL, of Lockholme, in this Parish.
The former of whom departed this life, April 25th, 1753, aged 82.
The latter, March 5th, 1766, aged 85.
After having lived most happily together in the holy state of matrimony, near fifty-three years.
Also the remains of their two eldest children, and only daughters, MARGARET, who died, Dec. 10th, aged 11, and ELIZA, Nov. 10th, aged 9,—both in the year 1713.
Also the remains of their sixth son
JAMES, a youth of great hopes, who died August 25th, 1739, aged 19.
And of their daughter-in-law, ALICE, wife of WILLIAM FOTHERGILL, who died in child-bed, Nov. 11th, 1745, aged 23.
Sacred also
to the memory of their eldest son, GEORGE FOTHERGILL, D.D. and Principal of St. Edmund's Hall, in Oxford, where he lies interred, who departed this life, Oct. 5th, 1760, aged 54. He was a person of great parts, and learning, and of most exemplary piety, and virtue, which made his death greatly lamented.
By his side is buried the body of HENRY, son of WILLIAM and ALICE FOTHERGILL, Taberdar of Queen's College, Oxford, who deceased June 27th, 1767, born Nov. 1745, aged 21.
He was a very deserving young man, and learned, and knowing above his years."

The Fothergills of Ravenstonedale

The Will of Henry Fothergill of Lockholme.

"In the name of God, Amen. October 15th, 1747.

"I, Henry Fothergill of Lockholme in the parish of Ravenstondale and county of Westmoreland Husbandman, being in good mind and memory do make constitute and appoint this my last will and testament revoking all other wills. And first, I give and recommend my soul into the hand of Almighty God that gave it, and my body I commit to the ground to be buried in a Christian manner at the discretion of my Executors hoping for a joyful resurrection at the last day, through the meritorious death and passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, and as for my estate and goods I give and bequeath as followeth ;—

"First, I give unto my dear and loving wife, Twenty Pounds to be paid out of my personal estate and also I give unto my dear wife my great Bible and what bedstead she pleases, but I would have her, when she dies to give my son Joseph the Great Bible.

"*Item.*—I give unto my son Richard, my whole Messuage and Tenement at Lockholme with all its appurtenances thereunto belonging to him and his heirs for ever.

"*Item.*—I give unto my son William my Messuage and Tenement which I purchased of Anthony Knewstubb, consisting of two closes known by the name of Burnt Hill and Crossbank with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging to him and his heirs for ever, and

he is to pay my son Richard five pounds for building the house standing in the said Burnt Hill.

"I give unto my daughter Sarah,—Twenty shillings.

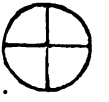
"I give unto my three sons, George, Henry, and Thomas each of them Twenty shillings to be paid by my executors.

"I give unto my son Richard's three daughters—Elizabeth—Agnes, and Margaret, each ten shillings.

"I give unto my grandson Henry Fothergill—ten shillings. I give unto little Margaret my granddaughter, my little Bible.

"*Item.*—I give unto my son Richard my Cupboard and Table and long settle standing in the fore house.

"*Item.*—I give unto my dear and loving wife, my three sons, Richard, William and Joseph all my goods moveable and immoveable except those before mentioned, and do make constitute and appoint them my whole and sole Executors and to this I set my hand and seal to this my within written will—

"HENRY FOTHERGILL. 

"Sealed Signed and Published
and declared in the presence of us—

"GEORGE PERKINS.
GEORGE PERKINS.
ANTHONY MORLAND.
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.
X His Mark."

PART II

THE LETTERS

PART II

THE LETTERS

THE bulk of the following letters are addressed by George Fothergill to his parents at Lockholme. As the eldest, he was the first of the family to fare forth into the world, and, though he seemed to have found friends and acquaintances from his own part of the country at the university, still the accounts of his early struggles are pitiful reading. Probably, most of these young men had much ado to get along during their college career, for, in two respects, the Oxford of the middle of the eighteenth century appears to have differed from the Oxford of our own day: first, as to the average age of its students, who were very much younger, and seem to have been treated much more like school-boys; secondly, in their social position, the sons of country-men and farmers evidently bulking large among their numbers. Hence, the many grades at the university, of Gentlemen Commoners, Commoners, Taberdars, Servitors, and Poor Children —classes which are never heard of now, but which, in the Fothergill times, seem to have carried with them

allowances and perquisites highly valued, and much sought after.

George—who left home at sixteen, and did not revisit it for at least four or five years—entered college with a scholarship from Appleby Grammar School, was thankful to be elected a Taberdar and Poor Child, and, like many another Don of those "good old times," rose, by his own abilities and exertions, to be a Tutor and Fellow of Queen's, and, finally, Principal of St. Edmund's Hall. He seems to have made several visits to London, and, on one occasion at least, to have preached with considerable acceptance before the Houses of Parliament, besides being a very popular tutor. But the weight of his family must always have pressed heavily on him, and we gather from his brother Thomas's testimony, that he was of a heedful, anxious nature, actuated by high sense of duty, and pushed sometimes almost beyond his powers. Coming up to the university, a raw country lad, entirely dependent on his own exertions, his was a harder lot than that of the succeeding brethren, who benefited by their elder's assured position. And, it may be, that these early cares and anxieties had a permanent effect upon his health, which seems to have suffered from the unaccustomed confinement, and even, perhaps, lack of sufficient nourishing food. At any rate, he died at a much earlier age than any member of his family, except his brother James, and, in letters written some time before the end came, in 1760, we find references

DR. GEORGE FOTHERGILL,
PRINCIPAL OF ST. EDMUND'S HALL, OXFORD, 1751–1760.

(*From an Oil Painting in St. Edmund's Hall.*)

to failing strength and bodily ailments. George never married. He remained, as he began, a faithful and loyal son of his university.

The first letter of his which has been preserved is written when he was a school-boy at Kendal, where there was a good endowed school much in repute in Ravenstonedale, the same year that he went up to the university.

"Kendal, February 9th, 172½.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"This with my humble duty to you both, and to my aged grandmother, and my affectionate love to all my beloved brethren, is to acquaint you with the continuing health, liberty, and liking. I have great reason to like well, and I hope I, by God's assistance, improve in my learning.

"And seeing I can write no worse than formerly of my rev. schoolmaster, my schoolfellows, or our family, it were needless to repeat the same news as you heard from me before.

"I received your letter, together with the book, and was very much comforted, and glad to hear of the welfare of you all, and of my brother Henry's good proceeding in his learning; and if it lie in my power to assist him, or any of you all, it will not be wanting.

"I received likewise, on Saturday last, the clothes, shirt, and neck-piece and apple, for which, and all the

other manifold effects of your love and tender affection, much more than fruitless thanks is due from me. Also, on Saturday last my cousin Bland came for me, but I did not get forward with him. You are scarce ever out of my mind when I am waking. My old landlady has been out of order ever since I came, especially at present. I shall be glad of two lines from you at any time and the oftener the better, for it is a great encouragement to me to hear from you.

"I remain,

"Your obedient son,

"GEORGE FOTHERGILL.

"Pray remember me to my good schoolmaster Fawcett, our neighbour George Perkins, my two aunts, and all relations in Ravenstonedale. I shall be glad of some news when you write, who dye, or who are brought into the world, and the like."

Three months later George went up to Oxford, riding on horseback in company with the carrier, who was making his midsummer journey, and who seems to have acted as escort, baggage-porter, banker, and postman to many young men proceeding thither out of the dale. Altogether, he must have been an important person, in those days. The journey occupied about a week.

"Queen's College, Oxford, June 18th, 1722.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"I am now, by the wise and good Providence of Almighty God, arrived at Oxford, and (blessed be God) all my journey, and at present, have been in good health, and like well. My reverend tutor is very careful of me, and all others for whom he is concerned, and I believe diligent in his own studies; he has not yet thought fit to exercise me in anything but my school-books; not, I believe, because he thinks me in them more defective than others, for, as to that, he encourages me, and commends the school-master under whose care I have longest been; but he sees it someway better for me, and I believe that, tho' before I have gone over the same, I get no small benefit thereby.

"I can give no account of the price of anything my tutor has got me, for he does not let me know. I am in the same room that I first was in, but my tutor has spoke for another, which I hope I shall go into shortly, and it pleases me pretty well, and is without a bed-fellow.

"We have prayers daily, twice in our new chapel, for the most part at 6 a.m. and always at 5 in the afternoon. But Mr. Steadman's pupils have prayers frequently in his chamber at nine at night, as well to keep us from roving about the town, as to exercise our minds, and beg God's grace and protection before going to bed. And though I have not been very much

concerned for our separation, I must confess I am not yet settled in my mind to any great study, but only what is necessary to be done at the order of my tutor, but I have bought a little book to entertain myself with. I am a little concerned not to have heard from you before this time, and desire you not to delay to write to me as soon and as frequently as you have opportunity.

"I have great need of another pair of sheets, and none in college but myself wear yarn stockings. If you could have sent me some good Jersey ones, they would be serviceable to me. I shall not fill my paper with unnecessary compliments, but I desire you both to remember me in your prayers, so that, seeing by the craftiness of Satan, by the prevalency of companions, by the flexibleness of my age, and frailty of human nature, I am, without the continual assistance of God's grace, in danger to fall, you would not cease to pray that His grace may always prevent and follow me, and both restrain me from falling away, and fit me for whatever I may be exercised with, and that I may, in all my designs, aim at His glory, and remain, to your and my lives' end,

"Your obedient son,

"GEORGE FOTHERGILL.

"Pray remember me to my aunts, my neighbour George Perkins, and family, and all relations and neighbours in the dale. Mr. Thornton seems

respective to me, and Mr. Barret also, but rather according to our distance, and we must all look to ourselves here. We hear two sermons every Sunday at St. Mary's, or the University Church. The Rev. Mr. Elliotson was in college about three weeks ago, and took notice of me; and inquired of certain in Ravenstonedale, and gave me one shilling to drink his health, as he said, and desired, when I wrote, to be remembered to all his acquaintances in the dale."

Mr. Steadman, here mentioned for the first time, was, if not an inhabitant of Ravenstonedale, at least connected with people living in it. He was probably acquainted with the Fothergill family before George went to Oxford, and always seems to have taken great interest in them, and helped him in every way in his power.

"Queen's, Oxon., September 26th, 1722.

"DEAR PARENTS,

". . . I am a little concerned that I have no answer from you to two letters which I sent you, . . . In my former letter, which I sent by the carrier, I enclosed two or three lines to each of my eldest brothers. In the letter I sent by the post, I sent my accounts given in by my tutor as he wrote them. What he mentioned as laid out came to £6 2*s.* 7*d.*, as well as I remember, and what he had forgot to set down, and what he laid out after he gave it to me, was

ten shillings and twopence, in all £6 12*s.* 9*d.*, and so, from £9 5*s.* 0*d.* which he at first had for me, the remainder was £2 12*s.* 3*d.*

"In this letter, I desired you, according to my tutor's orders, to send me by the Oxford carrier (which is the most usual way), whom he ordered to call of you. If he do not, I believe he comes out a week after Michaelmas Day, or the first Monday after it. In it, I also desired you, if you well could, to find me a little money separate from the other, but hoping you have received this letter, I shall say no more of it. . . . I am yet in the room where I first entered, I humbly beg of you, that you would not longer keep me in this suspense and trouble, but write to me with the carrier at longest. The carrier's name is Ritson of Anksdale, in Cumberland. The money that you send you may, if you please, direct to me, and I hope I shall dispose of it as you shall order me. My tutor told me that how much ever you sent, he thought it would be safe with him. And indeed I cannot see how £10 will serve till you have another opportunity to send with the carrier, since I have neither yet got bedding of mine own, nor chairs, and there will be a quarter's expenses to be paid before then. I scarce know how thus to write for money, nor yet can I do without it. I have not yet spent one farthing of my own money in ale, or any such liquor, but in books, and other necessary things, I have spent near thirty shillings.

"I should be glad at any time to see my cousin, Anthony Fawcett. The Bishop of Rochester (as I hear) is kept in custody, and so cleverly, that none of his friends are admitted to him. He is fallen dangerously ill, so that he is prayed for in London, but the reason of his confinement I can give no true account of. News will be very acceptable to me when you write. . . ."

The Bishop of Rochester here referred to is the famous Francis Atterbury, one of the most devoted adherents of the Stuarts. He had been Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, where he was educated, and was appointed Bishop of Rochester in 1713. On the death of Queen Anne, while others were in confusion and despair, he, bold and resolute, urged the proclaiming the Pretender as James III. When George of Hanover was, however, installed on the throne, he was quite ready, as Dean of Westminster, to proffer his loyalty, which was received with marked coolness. The offended bishop then threw in his lot with the opposition, and refused to sign a declaration of the other prelates, professing their abhorrence of rebellion. It is undeniable that he carried on a correspondence with the Pretender, and, in part of it, which still exists, he declares, "My daily prayer is, that you may have success." The plot was discovered, and, in 1722, Atterbury was committed to the Tower, on suspicion of being engaged in it. A bill of "pains and

penalties" was brought against him in the House of Commons, but, as a peer, he refused to plead before the Lower House. He, however, appeared before the Lords upon the bill, and after an able defence, and a warm and protracted debate, the bill was passed by a majority, in which were found all the bishops except one. The assent of the king, given reluctantly, doomed Atterbury to deprivation of his dignities, and to perpetual exile. On the 18th of June, 1723, he left the Tower for Calais, where he met Bolingbroke returning on a free pardon. "Then I am exchanged," he said, with an air of pleasantry. He died at Paris, in 1732.

"Queen's, Oxon., October 22nd, 1722.

"DEAR PARENTS,

". . . I received the sheets, stockings, and quilts, with a letter, soon after I last wrote, for which I cannot but return you unfeigned thanks.

"I cannot tell whether it is advisable for you to write to my tutor. I believe but very few do so; if you could get Mr. Fawcett it would do as well, and I believe you had better give some hint at your circumstances. . . . I humbly beg your pardon for not sending you a little book, for, indeed, I had bound up and made ready three or four little books for you, but out of ignorance did not speak to the carrier till he had put such things of other people's away, and he was not willing to carry them in his pockets. Wherefore I

desire you to pardon me till I have another opportunity. . . . The Rev. Mr. Barret became a Fellow last Michaelmas Day. I believe he would have been far from denying me his tuition if he had been sought to, but I have not in the least any reason to repent of my choice. He, being a Fellow, was obliged to have a Servitor, but he did not make choice of me, for Mr. Hill has a nephew here, to whom, for his uncle's sake, and thro' his own interest, many kindnesses are shown by those I have to deal with. The Rev. Mr. Steadman is very careful of me, and encouraging, and I could wish that all, to whom I wish well, would commit themselves to his care, though you need not mention it. . . . I shall make use of my yarn stockings a little this winter. I am sorry I left my Dionysius, nor can I expect an opportunity of receiving it from you till (if God permits) I shall come for it myself, and speak with you face to face. But I put from me such thoughts as far as I can, not expecting but that (if Providence order it ever to come to pass) 'twill be many days before I shall see you."

It seems possible that the Mr. Hill here mentioned might have become afterwards the Rev. John Hill, rector of Scaleby, who had been a boy at the Ravenstonedale Grammar School, under the Rev. Dr. Robinson, one of the most remarkable men of the dale, who finally became the clergyman, and one of the magistrates. No less than twenty of his pupils were clergymen

of the Church of England, without receiving any college education other than they obtained from him. Indeed, Bishop Low, of Carlisle (b. 1703, d. 1787), said to Dr. Robinson's son, "Your father, by his college school, kept a light for the Church of England in your part of the county of Westmoreland, which but for him would have been in a dark and destitute condition." Or it may be the father of the future Rector of Scaleby who is referred to, and who would, doubtless, have considerable influence in the neighbourhood. The tailor, Henry Hall, mentioned in the next letter, and whom George got leave from his tutor to employ, must also have belonged to one of these Ravenstone families, and was evidently known to old Henry Fothergill.

"Queen's, Oxon., January 21, 172⅞.

"DEAR PARENTS,

". . . I am concerned because I have not had a letter since I last wrote to you. I live here, in enjoyment of many outward blessings, particularly health, which, since June XI^th^, I have enjoyed in a wonderful way, and also agreeable diet and air, and, which I reckon not among the least, the privilege of good books. These I have laid out the most of my own money for, and some of that which my tutor kept, as you'll see in my account, and I hope will sometime be found better spent some ways not too uncommon. . . . My tutor gave me in my accounts, which for your

satisfaction, I faithfully transcribed; and he at that time told me, he thought it would be requisite to send for a little money by the carrier, and when I desired him (as 'tis usual) to tell me how much, he said, 'If you could have sent ten pounds you needed not to send so soon again.' But when I consider your circumstances, I cannot desire you to send so much, and I believe less would serve till midsummer, and it would perhaps straiten you to send ten pounds. I can scarce ask you to send me a little money, but, I believe, I could, in some things, lay it out as well as my tutor, and, when I want, I had rather not have to go to him. . . . If you can conveniently, send me a pair or two of shoes, pretty well made, because summer seems now to be coming. They would be more lasty, and cheaper than I could have them here. . . . Our countryman, Henry Hall, gives his service to you, and desires me to put you in mind of your promise to send him a little hung beef with the carrier, and if you could have sent me a collop, it would be very good. If I live till Easter, I shall be glad of news."

The Halls seem to have been farmers, and statesmen in the dale, for the name occurs first in a manuscript book, in the possession of Mr. Robinson, an old inhabitant, where there is a copy of the conveyance of the farms and tenements of Ravenstonedale by King Henry VIII., in the thirty-second year of his reign, first of all, to the Archbishop of York, and subsequently,

six years after, after the death of the archbishop, to Sir Thomas, Lord Wharton. The preamble is followed by a list of the landholders of the dale, and the number of acres they possessed in 1541. In this list, three families of Hall (then spelt Halle), are enumerated, two—Richard and Robert—having seven acres apiece, the third, apparently another Richard, holding five. "The Parish Book" contains another land valuation, taken in 1734, one hundred and ninety-two years after the former one. But now there remains but one Robert Hall, whose name is now spelt without the "e," and whose property only comes to the value of £8 yearly. Among the landholders in 1877, the name has entirely disappeared.

This is his tutor's account of expenditure on behalf of George Fothergill.

January 21, 172⅝.

	£	s.	d.
Due to me at the foot of last account	3	2	5
Received since of the carrier	12	0	0
Due in all	£15	2	5

LAID OUT SINCE LAST ACCOUNT AT MATRICULATION.

		£	s.	d.
	Forgot	0	6	8
August 4.	Paid for Kennet's Antiquities	0	3	6
„ 8.	Paid for Nelson on the Festivals and Fasts, and Delect. Ep.	0	3	6
„ 10.	For Whole Duty of Man, and Grotius on the Christian Religion	0	4	0
„ 23.	For mending shoes	0	0	6

			£	s.	d.
		Brought forward	0	18	2
October	1.	To the laundress for Ter. Vac.	0	4	0
„	1.	[For illegible.]	0	1	0
		Tutorage	0	10	6
„	3.	Paid to Mrs. Hill ½ quarter chamber rent ...	0	2	6
„	4.	To his bedmaker for last quarter	0	1	6
November	2.	For books	0	5	0
„	3.	To Mr. Brewer, for a bed, &c.	2	5	0
„	3.	To Mr. Brewer for Battles, in Ter. Vac. ...	2	19	5
„	5.	To Bolt, joyner, for a rail of pins	0	1	0
„	5.	For a table	0	4	0
„	16.	For Sanderson's Logick.	0	0	6
„	16.	For Cambridge Dictionary	0	8	6
„	22.	For a letter	0	0	7
„	24.	To the laundress, for Ter. Mich.	0	4	0
		Tutorage for Ter. Mich.	0	10	6
		Chamber for Ter. Mich.	0	5	0
		Paid to the bedmaker	0	1	6
		Paid to Mr. Brewer for Battles in Ter. Mich.	3	0	2
		Total	£12	2	10
		From	15	2	5
		Substract	12	2	10
		Remains due ...	£2	19	7

This list is copied from that enclosed by George to his parents. He has already begun to be anxious about money matters.

"Queen's, Oxon., April 15th, 1723.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"Having this opportunity of sending you a letter, I presently begin to write, which, indeed, I had long been designing to do, but was hindered by a daily expectation of an answer to that I writ by the carrier. Indeed I am heartily sorry that I have not had a letter,

and I earnestly entreat you, if you have not writ before you receive this, that you would give me as much news as possible, and some account of how your goods thrive, this being the time of the year for lambs. This morning when I should have got up, I was taken with a fit of sickness and dizziness, as you remember in hot weather I formerly used to be. But it went off well before noon. . . . Yesterday I received the Blessed Sacrament.

"I have plenty of necessaries. So far we have had a delicate spring. Pardon my great haste."

"Queen's Oxon., July 13th, 1723.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"I received yours by the carrier, and was not a little glad that you were all in good health, and particularly that, as you gave me an account, my two youngest brothers, James and Joseph, are so thriving and forward. I have likewise had my health very well ever since I came, which is now a month above a full year. . . . I received likewise the half-guinea and sixpence from my loving brother Richard, and my tutor has received eight pounds for my use, for all which I should be very ungrateful, if I made no acknowledgment, especially when I consider your circumstances, and how you are labouring hard for me, that I may have a great enjoyment of my studies. But I hope I shall not need to spend so much of yours this next year as I have done this last. For the Provost

has admitted me on Servitor, this day seven-night, by the intercession, I suppose, of my very kind tutor. He has also brought on one who's junior to me, which has prevented me from being junior Servitor, and thereby freed me from a slavery which I always dreaded, and which I could not well have undergone. I believe 'twill save me about eight pounds a year, one way or other. My tutor likewise has given me a Gentleman Comõner last night, which I called up this morning, which perhaps was the effect of your letter, but I don't know. So that for calling up, I have about five pounds per year, viz. five shillings a quarter of each of the three Comõners which I had before, which comes to three pounds a year, and ten shillings a quarter for this Gentleman Com: which makes up five pounds. I am likewise in hopes of the Exhibition from Kendal, one of which is now vacant.

"I have got leave from my tutor to employ Henry Hall" (a tailor apparently known to his father), "when I have occasion. He desires his service to you.

"We have had so little rain this summer that the earth is almost scorched by the heat of the weather, and the corn is very much damaged by it. We had pretty much rain last night, and 'tis likely we shall have some more. If you could get me two shirts more against next time the carrier comes, as good linen as these I have, they would do me a great deal of service, because these begin to wear something now.

"Pray don't forget to write to me when you have

opportunity, for you'll scarce believe how it enlivens me to hear from you. James Ward, and Jos. Elliotson, who are both very sober and diligent, give their service to you and all the family. Mr. Elliotson came over this week from London, and stayed about four days, and sent for James Ward and me, and two more whom his nephew had spoke good of, and gave us half a crown to drink his health with. I desire you to remember my love and duty to my aged grandmother, my service to Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Toulmin, my two aunts, Geo. Perkins, particularly my godfather and godmother, my godfather Fawcett, my cousin Christopher Taylor, and all my dear mother's relations. . . . I desire you, if you well can, to provide me a pair of worsted stockings against the carrier comes in Michaelmas, and if you could have knit me two pairs of indifferent good yarn stockings. I believe I shall wear them in winter, if all be well. You may send them along with the shirts. As for other clothes, I shall (if all be well) put on with these I have till next spring. You may make the stockings and shirts much the same bigness with those I had when I came. I'm not much grown."

George Fothergill was admitted a Servitor, July 1st, 1723. The post carried with it an income of £8 a year, and its holder had to wait upon the Gentlemen Commoners at meal times, carry in their commons from the kitchen, and their bread and butter out of the buttery. As Servitor, he had also to call up three

Commoners to early chapel, at 6 a.m., who were willing to pay extra for the service, and by this means he earned another £5 per annum. He did not get the Appleby Scholarship until the following year. There seem to have been at least three families of Elliotson's, statesmen in the dale—a rich one, whose land valuation amounted to £20 12*s.*; a betwixt and between, worth £14 16*s.*; and a poor one, only counting up to £4 8*s.* Joseph Eliotson, the undergraduate, belonged to one of these, and his uncle, the wealthy man from London, had evidently been a younger son, who had gone to town to seek his fortune.

"Queen's, Oxon., October 18th, 1723.

"Loving Parents,

"On Saturday last I received your letter which you sent me by the carrier.

". . . I received of the carrier £1 14*s.* 6*d.*, and to-day I received two shirts, and a pair of stockings, which, I believe, will all fit me very well, and for all of which certain tokens of your love and affection, I return you unfeigned thanks, and those four whom you mentioned to have partly concerned in the giving of the money.

"I shall make the clothes I have serve over winter, and as long as I can. I was forced to get both coats turned, and the odd piece of camlet which I brought up did a great deal of good in the turning of the camlet coat. But my breeches were both so bad, that

I was forced to get Henry Hall to make me up a pair of a piece of cloth he had in his house, for which I don't know how much he will charge me.

"As to my studies, which you desired an account of, I'm yet obliged to take up a great part of my time in my classics, exercises, and philosophy. But the little time I have at my own disposal, I mostly employ in reading the best English books I can meet with. I've meddled very little in English poetry, for, when I came to see the performances of others, I despaired of ever attaining any degree of perfection in it. Therefore, I thought I might do myself more good by getting a good way of talking and writing English, which may be more serviceable to me, if ever it should please Almighty God to call me to the work of the ministry.

"I hope I can discern myself to have made a considerable improvement in knowledge since I came, though, perhaps, I may be prejudiced in favour of myself.

"My tutor ordered me the other day to go to the Hebrew Lecture, which will, for a while, take up a great deal of time, if I intend to get any notion of it, because I've never yet learned anything of it, and everything is difficult at first. I believe, I was this quarter about one pound fourteen shillings in Battles, which is considerably less than I used to be, and I hope I shall be yet less the quarters following, if I have my health, for I could not save so much as I might do now, because I was Battler part of the quarter.

"Those that I am Servitor to, I call out of their beds to prayers every morning, and we have prayers at six, excepting Sundays, Holidays, and Thursdays. I'm now, and have been a pretty while, very well contented with a college life, notwithstanding our great confinement; nay, even confinement itself is grown agreeable and familiar to me. I've scarce been a mile out of Oxford above twice, scarce ever had a hat upon my head, and never been on horseback since I came to this place. And, if I could give myself liberty, I could long to see you all, and if we all live till a new summer, I shall know more whether I can have the opportunity, but I'm afraid I shall not get leave. . . ."

"Queen's College, Monday, December 16, 1723.

"DEAR PARENTS,

". . . It draws nigh to the time of celebrating the feast of the Nativity of our Saviour Christ, and you, having been desirous to hear from me before the time, I fell to writing, presently, lest you should not get my letter before that time. Indeed, I had like to have lost your letter, for it lay a considerable time among the letters for the townspeople after it came to Oxford, and so the woman who brings the letters to our college, and the persons concerned, had missed it, and excused themselves by pretending that it was for want of your setting College after Queen's on the superscription. So that I have not time to compose

any verses, and must beg of you to excuse me till the carrier comes in the spring.

". . . As for the news you would have me send you, I'm at a loss what to write, for, as to the general course of affairs, there's scarce anything new under the sun, and if I should descend to particulars, you would neither know the persons concerned nor the places at so great a distance. And, as to State affairs, I do not see how it can be worth my while to inquire busily into the plots and intrigues of statesmen and politicians, and, therefore, cannot find in my heart to take up my time about them, only so much as cannot be avoided.

"People's minds, I believe, are something different as to the present Government. There was one who, lately, in the pulpit, before the university, in the middle of his sermon began prodigiously to commend the management of the kingdom by our present Sovereign, and to abuse the Pretender; and spoke very contemptibly, and judged very hardly, of him who was lately Bishop of Rochester, who is, as far as I can gather, by a great many thought to have been innocent as to what was laid against him—for which the preacher was laughed at by not a few. . . .

"I have gone to Hebrew Lecture all this Michaelmas term, but we have never had above two lectures a week. I shall know when I get accounts whether my tutor has got the Kendal Exhibition for me or not, but I believe it was due this year to Mr. Backhouse, who had it before. As for my coming to see you next

summer, if you order me to do so, I believe I shall be as glad to obey as you can be to order me, for you cannot well more fervently desire to see me than I do to see you all. But perhaps my tutor would not be very willing that I should come, and, if he were, I cannot see but that my coming would be attended with some inconveniences, for the gentlemen whom I call up would, of necessity, be disposed of another way. And when I see how chargeable 'tis to tarry here, and how short a time I can expect to be furnished with necessaries here in Oxon., I begin to think I should keep close at my studies, and make all the improvement I can, while I do tarry here."

"Queen's, Oxon., March 7th, 172¾.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"I received the letter which you sent me by the carrier. . . . My tutor has the ten pounds, and I the ten shillings which you sent, likewise the shirt and piece of beef, which is exceeding sweet and good. James Ward, Joseph Elliotson, and I cut a collop or two of it last night, very sweetly. And now, my dear parents, I return you hearty and unfeigned thanks for all these kindnesses. As for the books which I have sent you, the biggest, namely 'St. Austin's Meditations,' I got at second-hand for 2*s.* 8*d.*, and I sent it because I thought you had an esteem for it. Sherlock's 'Discourses upon Death' cost 2*s.* 'The Christian Indeed' cost 10*d.* I could not conveniently send the

dictionary which I promised my brother Henry, at this time, because I had not room in the Bible covering. But I have one by me which I bought on purpose, and, if we be all well at Midsummer, if you'll send back the covering, I'll send you the dictionary in it.

"The little written book is, all but the poem at the end, the produce of many hours' study. . . . I beg and entreat you not to show it to any but those of our own family, or at least not to let them know that it was of my own composing. . . .

"My tutor is very favorable to me. I no sooner asked his advice which of the mercers he would have me buy my clothes of, but he named one, and the next day went himself, and desired him to use me well, which, though the mercer might not take very much notice of, yet it showed his kindness to me. I cannot yet tell you what the suit will cost, but I will send you word. The making, I believe, will be dear, and, by what a suit costs others, I suppose it will be between three or four pounds.

". . . As for my proficiency in my studies, I cannot express my thoughts of it better than likening it to the hand of a clock, for if one look never so earnestly for a quarter of an hour together, one cannot discern the hand go forward. So I hope it is with me at the half-year's end. I think I can look back with pleasure upon the improvement I have made. I believe I shall not have the Exhibition paid till Michaelmas, at which time it is paid yearly.

"And so I rest, your affectionate, dutiful, and obedient son, ... "

The Exhibition mentioned was the one at Kendal.

"Queen's Oxon., July 11th, 1724.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"I received yours, and likewise the eleven shillings which you sent me. And my tutor has received the two pounds which you sent, for all which I heartily return you thanks. It rejoices my heart to hear from you, and I am sure you would write oftener, did you know how it revives me to hear of your welfare.

". . . I hope the money which you sent to my tutor will serve; however, if it do not, he never says anything. I am in hopes that I shall this Michaelmas term have the Exhibition paid me. I had it not last year. But I am something apprehensive that I shall want before the carrier comes again, for the eleven shillings did little more than pay for the books, which I sent with Mr. Borrit before; and now I can assure you the 'Stanhope's Kempis' cost me 4*s.* 6*d.* When I bought the others which I sent you first, we two, or three of us, went and bought our books together, and had them a little cheaper than if we had bought them at different times. For the former I paid ready money, which for the latter I could not do, and that is very much lookéd on by our tradesmen, and sometimes,

when we have money ready, we can get a book rather cheaper at an auction. Now it is my time to furnish myself with books, for if I should be spared so long as to live in the country, and have to send for those I wanted, it would, for several reasons, be more inconvenient.

"I cannot tell well how to give you a notion of what we Servitors do. We are seven of us, and we wait upon the Batchelors, Gent. Commoners, and Comõners at meals. We carry in their Commons out of the kitchen into the Hall, and their bread and beer out of the Buttery. I call up one Gent. Comõner, which is ten shillings a quarter when he's in town, and three Commoners, which are five shillings each, on the same conditions. My Servitor's place saves me, I believe, about thirty shillings a quarter in battles, one quarter with another.

". . . The long vacation is between [illegible] and Michaelmas Term, which is a great part of July, and all August, and September, and till the 10th of October.

"I cannot meet with that sermon of Bishop Williams's which you mentioned, nor any other of his. But if the carrier be willing to bring them in his pocket, I shall send my brother Henry, and George Perkins, Mr. Steel's 'Christian Hero,' and I shall send you, with it, a little book whose author is Burkitt. It has three poems in it which I remember

you formerly wrote out, and you must by all means let Richard Postlethwaite see them, for I remember he once inquired of me for them at the Broadstones, besides the Stackgarth's Gap.

"My hearty love and affection to all my dear brothers. I suppose there will have been some marriage last Whitsuntide. Pray let me know in your next."

Bishop Williams, whose sermon Henry Fothergill, that good Statesman and Churchman, was so anxious to read, was a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and noted for his learning and eloquence. He was made Dean of Westminster, by James I., in 1620, and the following year, Lord Keeper. In after years Laud became his bitter enemy, and succeeded in procuring a conviction against him in the Star Chamber. He was fined, imprisoned, and suspended from his ecclesiastical functions. When he was liberated, he forgot his personal wrongs, and stood up boldly for the monarchy, defending King Charles I. at his own costs, attending him to Oxford, and being faithful to him to the end. Charles, in acknowledgment of his services, made him Archbishop of York. Steele, of course, was Sir Richard Steele, of *Tatler* and *Spectator* fame, who died in 1729.

The next letter is undated, but was probably written about Christmas, 1724:—

"DEAR FATHER,

"'Tis now very nigh eighteen years since Elizabeth Petty brought you the news, (whether joyful or not I'm not like to know), of my being born into the world, and a great many alterations have happened since I was whipped for climbing up the ladder, contrary to your orders, which I suppose you have not quite forgot. I hope you will pardon this freedom in me.

"The 25th day of this month, I believe, I shall, if all be well, be admitted to participate of the Blessed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and I beseech you to beg of God, that He would be pleased to give me grace that I may approach His Altar, not without the wedding garment of His righteousness, and may come to His Holy Table so worthily as He will vouchsafe to accept.

"As to the wig which you mentioned, I will do whatever I can, but I almost despair of meeting with one cheap, for there are very few made here nowadays, but of the horse-hair wigs very much curled which will scarce last but half a year, so that if you have an opportunity of getting one, I believe it will be the best way.

"I believe I shall get my brother Henry a dictionary against the carrier comes. I was exceeding glad to hear that he makes a good proficiency in his learning. If you would prevail upon Mr. Fawcett to write to my tutor with the carrier next time he comes, and

return him thanks for the favours he has showed me, perhaps it might not be amiss. I suppose 'twill make no matter for you to tell him that I writ this. Pray let me have a line or two as soon as you have opportunity.

"What would I give for a little of your Christmas pye! and how much more for an hour or two of your company! You may easily guess what haste I'm in. Once more I beg your remembrance of me in your daily prayers."

The above letter has no signature.

This letter is undated, but probably written in the spring of 1725:—

"Dear Parents,

"The receipt of your last was matter of no small joy to me, since it contained such delightful news as the health of you all must needs be to me. I was, indeed, sorry to hear of my aunt's sickness. I perceive my last has miscarried, for I assure you I wrote at Candlemass as you desired. You seem to be earnest with me to seek out for a place; but, alas! you may please to consider that I cannot take orders this three years yet, and it is certainly much better to tarry here, and enjoy my allowance, and other privileges, and study under the direction of a good tutor, than to cast myself out of all, and to come among you, and live, perhaps, at more expence, and improve abundantly

less. I believe my 'Poor Child's Place' will save me almost as much as my Servitor's did, and for being Servitor to Mr. Atkinson, I have (as you may remember I told you before), 3½*d.* allowed in the Buttery book, which comes to about 15*s.* a year.

"If I could possibly make a shift to stay here three years longer (which, as I said before, is as soon as I could take orders), I could come on Taberdar, and then, after a year's longer expenses, which I could upon my own credit borrow in the college, or of some friend or other, I could, I believe, get leave to go out on a curacy, and keep on the Foundation too.

". . . I can assure you 'tis not on account of my unwillingness to part with anything, (which I should be sorry justly to be charged with), that I send not my old clothes down, but that I might put you to the least charge I could, for if I should send down my clothes while I could wear them, you may be sensible I might be forced to get new ones, which way, were I so very selfish, would be no worse, but better for me, but then 'twould be more chargeable to you ; and should I send them after I had done with them, 'twould not countervail the expense of carriage.

"I suppose you have been misinformed about James Ward being my bed-fellow, for I have had a bed to myself ever since I came. I am in the room I was in first, but I am in hopes of a better before midsummer. My tutor continues to show me very much respect, and seems to be very much for my continuing

on the Foundation. He has received the money you sent him on my account, and so have I, for which I return you unfeigned thanks. I believe it will be as well to let giving him the half-crown alone; 'tis a thing not very common. I believe, if we all live till mid-summer, I shall want some shirts, and, if you please, a little finer than those I first had before I came. I have put on with these as long as they will well serve.

"I desire you to write the first opportunity and to let me know how my brothers, particularly Henry, go on in their learning, and whether George Perkins goes to school yet, for I am informed he does.

"To be acquainted with these things, and any other news, will be a great pleasure to me, tho' vastly short of that which I perceive from this opportunity of subscribing myself,

"Your obedient and affectionate son,

"GEORGE FOTHERGILL."

George Fothergill does not say what advantages went with a Poor Child's place, but the income appears to have been about the same as a Servitor's. It would seem from later letters that the Taberdars, of whom George became one about two years later, were elected from the Poor Children, and here the emoluments were worth having, amounting in all to £16 16*s.*, though only 9*s.* 6*d.* was paid in money, the bulk being allowed in rooms, battels, and other allowances. On becoming a Taberdar, however, he lost his Servitorship. In spite

of these helps, he continued much pressed for money, as the sum he received from home does not seem to have exceeded £20 to £30 a year. After taking his B.A. degree, he was able to take pupils, and these became his chief source of income, though it does not appear that any of them paid him more than £4 4*s*. a term.

"Queen's, Oxon., February 2nd, 172⅞.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"Tho' you have been pleased to defer writing to me since my last, and have thereby deprived me of that which gives an additional relish to all the comforts I enjoy here, viz. the happiness of hearing of your welfare.

". . . We have had but little frost this winter, but very much rain, concerning the damage done by which, we have very melancholy accounts from several parts of the kingdom.

". . . I should be exceeding glad to see you all next summer, and hope, if we all live, I may have the happiness of a repetition of the many pious and religious admonitions you have frequently given me.

"But we are only nine Poor Children, and scarce able to do the business, so that except the Provost, in whose disposal it is, should admit more, which is very desired, it will, I fear, be a very difficult matter to get leave; the Provost having lately, on the same account,

denied two or three of our society to go out only for a fortnight.

"My clothes are getting somewhat bare considering my standing, but I am very well content to fall short of others in matters which concern the outside, if I could make shift honestly to get through our Foundation, which, however, your readiness to supply my wants always, I bear you witness, even beyond your power, has given some encouragement to hope for.

"I humbly beg and entreat you not to think much if I should desire you to send seven or eight pounds, or six, if you cannot well spare more for my tutor, and what you can well spare more for myself. I hope you will not think it unreasonable if I should desire a guinea this time, since I laid out four shillings for an Horace out of my half one last time, and would not, therefore, have much left for this long winter. But if you will be pleased to send what you can spare to my tutor, I will endeavour to make some shift or other.

"I believe my godfather, (to whom I desire thankfully to be remembered), may have a Littleton's Dictionary for his son for about 13*s.* second-hand. I would desire to know whether he continues at school, and whether he designs ever to come to Oxford, where I should be exceeding glad to see him, and direct him in anything that lay in my power. But 'tis an happiness I fear I must not expect, to see one from Ravenstonedale entered here at the university. I

believe, however, none of us would ever repent it. . . . And now I beg to subscribe myself with the most unfeigned gratitude and sincerity. . . ."

"Queen's, Oxon., July 4th, 1726.

". . . I have been separated from you for full four years, and yet never, in all that time, have received the uncomfortable news of the sickness of any one of you, nor been able to send you the news of my own.

". . . I received the three guineas you were so kind as to send by Mr. Ralph Milner, who called at Oxford, and gave it, every farthing, to my tutor, and return you my most unfeigned thanks for it. I desire my humble duty and thanks to be given to my dear and tenderly affectionate mother for the half-crown which she sent me, [I received likewise, by the same hand, half a crown which my cousin, William Clemison, kindly sent me,] and my duty to my aunt. I was, indeed, heartily sorry that the sending the money should so much straiten you. I find 'twill be in vain, notwithstanding I live as frugally as I possibly can, to think of going through the Foundation without encroaching upon the share of my brothers, which I should be very sorry to do, and shall, therefore, be very well content to leave the college as soon as I am of age for Holy Orders, and shall endeavour, by God's grace, to fit myself for the same. Your apprehensions concerning my letter being opened, I believe might be groundless, for having laid my seal where I could not

presently find it, and being in a very great haste, I sealed with the end of a stick of wax on which there are two rows of letters. . . ."

Milner and Clemison were statesmen in the dale, the former well off for his position; the latter, apparently, of much more moderate means.

"Queen's, Oxon, August 13th, 1726.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"Having consulted with my good tutor, and had his advice and leave, I am now making preparation for, and full of the comfortable expectation of shortly seeing you all, and if God Almighty shall permit me to do so, I hope it will be no less matter of joy and satisfaction to us all. Indeed, I asked my tutor's advice, and laid your repeated earnestness to see me, if God permitted next summer, without denial. I laid this before my good tutor at Midsummer, and upon mature deliberation upon all circumstances, desired leave to come down then with the carrier, and he consented to my coming with more freedom than I expected, but was not willing that I should come at that time, but told me he had rather have me stay till after the Founder's Day, as we call it, viz. the 15th August, telling me, likewise, that he should be obliged to go to Norfolk at that time, and to tarry five or six weeks, and very kindly proffered me that, since he was to take Cambridge on his way, I should go along with

him to see it, which I might not, perhaps, have as good an opportunity of seeing again. So that I have ever expected to come at this time. But I durst not, at that time, acquaint you with it, for fear a disappointment might occasion far more uneasiness in you than if you should not expect me till next summer. I believe we shall set out on Wednesday, the 17th of this month, but since we go by Cambridge, I cannot exactly inform you what day I hope to arrive at my native country. I humbly ask pardon for coming without your express leave, but I am encouraged to hope you will grant it, since you have so often expressed your desire to see me, and since I take the opportunity when my tutor is to be absent most of the time. But I shall write no more at present, hoping shortly to see you face to face that our joy may be full.

"In the mean time, I desire you to beg of God to grant me a prosperous journey to come and see you. . . ."

"Queen's, Oxon, October 15th, 1726.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"On Saturday last I arrived safe at my journey's end at Oxford, having had a very pleasant journey, as could be expected, after parting with all that was near and dear to me, upon account of my company, of the weather, and of the roads most part of the way.

"The mare likewise, upon which I rode, carried

me exceeding well, so that I was never tired all the way. She met with no misfortune at all, but, as far as we could perceive, grew better every day, and laid almost every night, so that, when I came to my journey's end, I delivered her immediately, and had the money paid every farthing, honestly, and without hesitation.

". . . And yet, alas! I must confess, that though I bore up very well all along upon the road, yet when I came to my retirement, and ought rather to be taken up with recounting the many signal favours which I have received, nature will still be intruding, and working upon my spirits.

". . . I waited upon my good tutor presently after I got in, and gave him the letter and tokens I had for him, and three guineas, three pounds of which I received for the mare, and acquainted him that I had a bill for ten pounds more. He was extremely civil to me, and told me he was very glad I was safe home again, and, indeed, several in the college told me how he had inquired of them whether I had wrote to any person while I was with you, and seemed very much concerned lest anything should have happened because I did not write.

"I gave my tutor Mr. Monkhouse's and your token in a crown-piece, and he seemed very well pleased with it, and gave me a shilling out of it, that his nephew Bouk and I might drink your healths. My Exhibition this year comes to £4 7*s*. The expenses

of my journey came to five and twenty shillings, out of which I paid three shillings for the carrier, viz. sixpence each night. Mr. Briscoe, indeed, at first proposed to me to treat the carrier between us, as usual. But when I told him I could not afford to be at so much expense, he generously offered to pay all for him, if I would but pay sixpence a night, and indeed it was certainly very well bestowed, for he took special care of the horses, and understood what was proper for them, and got up long before us, and was exceeding careful, and took care that our breakfasts should be got ready against we got up. I have got Harry Hall's bill in, tho' I have not yet paid him, because I have not yet got the money off Mr. Milner, but, to my sorrow, I find it amounts to near four pounds, and yet, when I perused it, I could not find that he had dealt any worse with me than another would have done. Indeed, I find my bills generally exceed my computation of them.

". . . I must confess I am sometimes conscious to myself of some inclination to envy the happiness of others, but I hope I shall not forget, at such seasons, to read the 37th Psalm.

". . . I have sent unto our cousin Christopher Taylor the book he desired. I have likewise sent you another which my brother Richard may read in, with his good neighbour George Perkin, if they think fit in the winter nights.

" My trunk and goods are not yet come, the carrier

having this time been as yet disappointed of his goods, but we hope 'twill be of no ill consequences, so that I could not send these books in the leathern covering. And so I rest, dear parents, with the sincerest gratitude for all your kindness. . . .

"Mr. Milner has sent me word to meet him at Abingdon, where he will pay me the money on Tuesday. My going to Abingdon will cost me two shillings for my horse, which is near as much as the poundage by the carrier would have done, so that I cannot but wonder that Mr. Milner should insist upon my meeting him, and perhaps it had been as well if I had brought my own money in my pocket to Oxford.

The next letter has no date, but evidently follows the last, and was probably written before Christmas, 1726.

"Dear Parents,

"I received my trunk, and all things in it safe, about a week after I wrote, they having come to our hands about a week too late. I likewise received the money on the day I mentioned after having been, one way or another, at more charge than the poundage would have been. And the next day I carried it to my tutor, and, having that opportunity, I laid my case before him, telling him that my father despaired of furnishing me through the Foundation, and I could enjoy my 'Poor Child's' place almost a year and a

half, and, after that, I should be at an age for taking Holy Orders, and therefore, if he saw fit, I would willingly direct my studies with a view that way. He seemed very unwilling to hear of my quitting the Foundation, and told me I might make sure of a shift to go thro' as well as others had done before me, and withal gave me leave to understand that I need not be afraid of getting leave to go out after I was Taberdar, (and indeed I suppose that law which they had made will not continue in force, for they have given leave to me very lately), and accordingly he has put Mr. Moor, Jo. Elliotson, and myself in astronomy, and so I said no more at that time. About a fortnight ago, he, having sent for all his pupils' accounts with the mercer, they were brought in, before we, any of us, were acquainted with it. He let us all see whether they were right, or whether we had any objections to make.

"And, at that time, I told him that I was afraid my money would not do (for mine came to £5 11*s.* 1*d.*) and I was in hopes the mercer would not have brought in my bill till I should be better able to pay it, and that I could have no hopes of going thro' the Foundation, if I paid for everything as I had it.

"Upon this, he very wisely told me, that 'twas my best way to pay as long as I well could, and so my credit would be better afterwards, and very friendly advised me to take no thought, nor be anxiously solicitous about the Foundation, but to take care of

my studies, and to keep sober, and there was always a good Providence attended those that did so. 'And,' continued he, 'for my part I have yet had no reason to complain of your being behindhand in your accounts, but, for the future, if you should, I shall never find fault nor think much, and do but keep sober, and mind your studies, and be not too anxiously thoughtful about these matter, and you shall never want as long as I stay in college, which may be a good while yet,' says he, 'for anything that I see.'

"I made all the expressions of gratitude for so unexpected, undeserved kindness, which I could think proper. . . . I hope I need not desire you to be private in the encouragements Mr. Steadman has given me, and which I could not hide from you. . . . Mr. Waugh has taken particular notice of me, and once invited me to his room with Mr. Dalton's son, and some more of our gown, whom he had a mind to show his respect to. My coat was a little taken notice of at first, but is now grown by use unheeded. . . ."

"Queen's Coll., Oxon., March 27th, 1727.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"You may remember in my last we expected an election of Taberdars shortly after, and told you I should probably let you know the issue of it. Accordingly, after we had undergone a pretty strict examination, the election came on. About a fortnight before, one of my seniors went off upon a prospect of

preferment, upon which, I, who before was the fifth, became the fourth "Poor Child," and there were only three vacancies, so that I could have no title to come on at that time.

"But, notwithstanding this, by the exceeding great good will and favour of my best tutor and Mr. Atkinson, and as they were pleased to tell me, of every one of the other Fellows, I was brought on,—I hope also, I may add, by the favour of that Providence who makes all things work together for the good of those that love and fear Him. And, what very much adds to the comfort and delight of my success, it was brought about regularly and fairly, without any detriment to any of my seniors, or any of them being turned by, which, if I know anything of my own heart, would greatly have diminished my satisfaction upon such an occasion. I hope and earnestly desire that any success I may at any time meet with, may be built upon a firmer and better foundation than the ruin of others. I entertain some hopes of getting leave to go out in some time, so that I sometimes think, if it pleased God to spare my life, I may make a shift to get through. My degree has been, as it could not otherwise be expected, something expensive, but 'tis made easier to be borne by the prospect of its being over, in some reasonable time, by my taking my degree.

"I lose my advantage of being Servitor to anybody, and what may, without God's grace, be a greater loss, I am now my own master, and must be left to

myself in keeping my money, or anything of that nature, so that I earnestly entreat you to pray for me, that tho' I call no man master on earth, yet I have a sure stay, and support, a guide and director in Heaven.

"My allowance from the college will, I hope, increase, but I shall be able to give you a better account of that when I have had a little more experience. My Exhibition I keep. You may desire Mr. Monkhouse in his next to let Mr. Steadman know how sensible you are of his kindnesses towards me, which will, I believe, do as well as if you wrote yourself, and pray give my services to Mr. Monkhouse, and likewise to Mr. Toulmin, and Mr. Holmes. And pray let me hear in your next concerning what I mentioned in my last. . . . "

Mr. Toulmin was the clergyman of Rossendale, who held the living from 1706 to 1728, when he seems to have passed away in anything but the odour of sanctity, so far as his parishioners were concerned. There was a John Toulmin, who held land in the dale, valued in 1743, at £12 16*s*., and probably the clergyman belonged to that family, and would therefore be on intimate terms with his neighbours.

"Queen's, Oxon, May 2nd, 1727.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"I received yours of April 10th, and was not a little glad to hear of your health and welfare.

". . . . Mr. Ward designs to see you this summer, and will give you a more satisfactory account of the Taberdar's place than I am able to do by letter. I waited upon Mr. Steadman this morning, and find myself pretty much in his debt, but I would not have you uneasy at it, for he tells me I shall not want, and you know what I mentioned in a former letter, about his easiness as to my money, so that I would entirely leave it to you to send what you can well spare. I hope I shall be able to discharge any debts I may contract sometime or other myself.

"The stockings, if you please, may be black grey, and need not be rollers. I hope I need not desire you to get the shirting pretty good, and well colored, and as to the making, you may do as you think best. If you think you can fit me, I believe you may get them cheaper made there. They should be something wider at neck and hands than any I left with you, and they had better be too wide than too narrow.

"The bare fees for my degree came to £3 14*s.* 4*d.*, and I had £5 6*s.* 8*d.* to pay for thirds of my room, and received £1 19*s.* 4*d.* thirds of my own. I had likewise £1 5*s.* to pay for a surplice, which we are obliged to wear on Sundays and holidays, all of which my tutor has kindly laid down for me. And for my Bachelor's gown, my mercer will trust me.

". . . I suppose my cousins are, or shortly will be married. It will be a great pleasure and satisfaction to me to hear that they continue in the fellowship of

Christ's Holy Catholic Church, and I hope they will not cut themselves off from it, without shewing some reason, and think I could perhaps give an answer to anything that might be objected against it, but this I leave to your discretion. The prejudices of education are, I am sensible, very great. And now, dear parents, I rest . . . "

Who the cousins were who were expecting to be married we do not know, but their relative's hope, "that they will continue in the fellowship of Christ's Holy Catholic Church," undoubtedly refers to the Dissenters, then numerous in the dale. A Nonconformist meeting-house had, indeed, been built in 1662, for the Rev. Christopher Jackson, who had been ejected from the Church of England under the Act of Uniformity. This building is the oldest Nonconformist meeting-house in the country. It probably owed its erection to the sympathy of the then Lord Wharton with the deprived ministers, and at his death his lordship left £100 in trust towards the minister's salary, to be invested in land in the dale. This has been, and still remains, the foundation of the endowment. It was this same Philip, fourth Lord Wharton, who provided a yearly grant of Bibles and Prayer-books, amounting in all to two thousand one hundred, to be distributed among deserving children in the following places and proportions. They seem sufficiently curious, nowadays, to be worth quoting :—

"*In Yorkshire.*—Doncaster, 20 Bibles; Leeds, 80; Bradford, 40; Sheffield, 50; Northallerton, 10; Thirsk, 10; Pontefract, 30; Halifax, 40; Wakefield, 30; Richmond, 40; Bedale, 10; Swaledale, 60.

"*In Westmoreland.*—Appleby, 20 Bibles; Kirby Stephen, 20; Kendal 20; Ravenstonedale, 20; Manors and lordships of Shap, Reagill, Seagill, Bampton, Carshillan, and Lang Martin, 50; Lordships of Langdale, Tenby, Brosherdale, and Preston Patrick, 30.

"*Cumberland.*—Carlisle, 20 Bibles; Cockermouth, 30; Penrith, 40; Coldbeck, 16; Croglin, 4; Lordships of Dean, Whinfell, and Broughton and Birkby, 20; eight places also in Bucks. and Beds."

It is also ordained by the Founder, that "the Bibles and Catechisms be packed up in boxes by so many, and so many tens in each box, and sent to the persons who are to deliver the same, together with one of the said Mr. Lye's Catechisms, and of the said Jos. Alleine's book, 'Sure Guide to Heaven,' to every ten Bibles, to be paid to such child as shall make the best proficiency as above said." Elderly people may still remember these yellow calf-bound volumes, with a printed inscription inside. They were bestowed on those worthy little children who could repeat, "these reading Psalms, in the English Translation, without book—namely, 1., xv., xxxvii., ci., cxiii., cxlv., in figures, and not in words at length."

"Queen's College, Oxon, October 16th, 1727.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"I have received your letter of the 25th, August, which I got a little after I wrote my last, in which, having let you know my wants, and the carrier's coming being so near, I could not think it necessary to

write till now. I have also received your letter by the carrier, and was exceedingly refreshed at hearing of your health and welfare. I have likewise received the two guineas which you kindly sent me.

"You gave me some instances of our mortality in your last but one, nor are we without them. Our countryman, Mr. Nelson, is, I hear, now dead, and we had one Mr. Cook, a schoolfellow of mine at Kendal, who was just standing for his Bachelor's degree, this term, taken off out of this world about a week ago, in the flower of his age, by a fever. . . . I already perceive my dear and tender mother shrink at the mention of a fever, but I can assure you all, that no one in the College, beside the person I mentioned, has had any symptoms of it, so that we have good reason to hope it will not be infectious.

"Mr. Steadman is to my great joy arrived safe at college, and kindly sent for me, and told me he had seen you all well, and gave me a Crown, telling me you sent it me. Afterwards, says he, your parents told me to take one half-crown myself, upon which, when I seemed to urge him to take it, he kindly replied, that as I more wanted it, and should do more good with it, I had better keep it, and he told me to buy something with it. He has recommended me to a Commoner to direct him to good company, from which I expect some small advantage, by present, or otherwise, but what I cannot tell, but when I know, you shall.

"As to my studies, my inclination is always to Divinity, as being that to which one who desires to devote him to the service of his God and his country in the ministry should make his other studies to be subservient. In pursuance of which design I was willing to lay the groundwork and foundation in that which is the foundation of all religion itself, viz. the Being and Attributes of God, for as the Apostle argues, 'he that cometh unto God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them which diligently seek Him.'

"I am therefore, at present engaged in reading books upon the subject, which tho' it is good and necessary for all Christians to be well satisfied in, yet 'tis most specially requisite for those who are appointed to wait at the Altar, whose lips should, as the prophet Malachi expresses it, 'Keep knowledge.' . . . I have sent my thoughts to our good neighbour in as large a compass as a sheet could contain, hoping he will acccpt of that poor essay. Mr. Steadman has employed me so much since he came home about some of the Bursars' accounts, that I am very much straightened for time. . . . If you think proper to send my brother Henry to Appleby School, pray let me know, and I will write to Mr. Yates. I bought you a Treatise for a shilling, you may call it yours, or brother Richard's, as you please, and pray let me hear from you as soon as you well can, it being always a refreshment to hear from you. . . ."

"Queen's, Oxon., February 14th, 172⅞.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"Your kind letter and token of a guinea, which you kindly sent me by a faithful bearer, Mr. James Ward, who arrived safe in Oxon., the 26th January, . . . [illegible].

"I have enjoyed my health as well this winter as ever I remember to have done, only I find now, with the spring coming on, some touches of the headache, as I have often told you. . . . Mr. Steadman was so kind as to inquire, a little after I wrote my last, what I thought you would do with my brother Henry, asking his age, and saying he feared he had not had sufficient opportunities, and was very desirous of having him go to Appleby school, saying he would gain great advantage by it, tho' he might never have an opportunity to come to college, which yet, he said, he hoped might be brought about for him to stay two or three years for a small matter. He said, indeed, that, since he was senior Fellow, he, in all probability, should not stay in college to do him any great kindness, otherwise, he should have done what lay in his power. I thanked him for his good will, and what he had done for me already. He continued, that he would very likely succeed to an Exhibition, the Earl of Thanet being now grown old, and his Exhibition, after his death, being to be disposed of, according to seniority, so that I hope in a little time I shall be able to acquaint him with his being sent there. And, if ever it should lay in my power to do anything

for him, either myself, or by prevailing with others who may have the same opportunity, if Mr. Steadman should leave us, I shall always look upon myself as obliged by the strictest ties both of gratitude and duty to do it.

". . . I was in hopes you would have sufficient information from Mr. Ward of the advantages of my place as Taberdar, which he might better have given you than I can by letter. But I'm afraid, from your importunity, he has not given you a sufficient one. Now our places are reckoned, generally, worth about sixteen guineas a year to us, but this we have not paid in money, but allowed, as we call it, in other things, which would cost us so much if we had them to pay for ourselves, viz. twelve pounds of it, or four pounds per quarter, for our battels, and other dues, put on in the books, and four pounds remaining for our chambers, which we have allowed us, and which, after we are Bachelors, we could not be supposed to have under that money. All that we have in money is ninepence, and sixpence once a year at the Taberdars' day. Besides which, I have for my Exhibition, £4 16*s.* one with another, which I gave to my tutor £4 for last Founder's day, to clear off as far as it would go, as I think I mentioned. Now, besides my allowance from the college as Taberdar of a room, and battels, I have to pay, out of my own pocket, for a barber five shillings a quarter, for a laundress six shillings, for a shoe-cleaner two and sixpence, for a bedmaker to take care of my room, and my share over and above for taking care of the common

room allowed us to meet in, four shillings in all each quarter. Besides the articles of coals and candles, both for my own room and my share of those burnt in the common room, which for this winter have been—I mean the coals—no less than four and sixpence each sack. These are stated expences, and if you consider all other expences which cannot be reduced to any certain standard, and yet are unavoidable, I presume you will easily be able to judge and make an estimate how impossible it must be for me to live barely of what I have coming in.

"I could not till now tell you what the commoner, which Mr. Steadman recommended me to, would allow me, but he has allowed me a guinea for the last half year—that is, half a guinea a quarter, which (having received your token) I gave into Mr. Steadman's hands. I did, indeed, expect more from him, but I find money is hard to come by here also. . . . 'Tis with reluctance, (knowing, and with sincere gratitude acknowledging that you have already done for me beyond your power), that I am forced to say a little money by the carrier would, if you could spare it, be of great service to me by God's blessing. . . ."

In this letter we get the first definite reference to the future of his brothers, with which, henceforth, George greatly concerned himself. It may be noticed that he always prefixed to the Christian name the word brother, but this was in accordance with the custom of the time, and it was evidently considered a sign of good manners

"never to address each other by their proper names" (in the family circle) "without the addition of brother or sister," as may be learned from Mrs. Wesley's letter to her son, the famous John Wesley, when he asked her advice and experience "for the benefit of those who are entrusted, as she was, with the care of a numerous family." John Wesley himself was born in 1703, just two years before George Fothergill, though the former survived until the end of the century. He graduated M.A. at Lincoln College, Oxford, in 1726, and was appointed Greek lecturer the same year, so that the two young men must have been at college at the same time, though Wesley might be slightly the senior.

The next letter is a fragment, undated, but probably written in the spring of the year 1728, as in February George Fothergill sends his service to the Rev. Mr. Toulmin, the vicar of the parish, and on the 27th of August, 1728, deplores his death at length. We shall probably, therefore, be correct if we assign the end of May, or beginning of June as the date of this fragment.

"I hope I have made a considerable progress in Hebrew, and shall go on to greater maturity, I trust, by use and experience.

"I am to have eight guineas a year for being sub-tutor to Mr. Smith. It is not so much as I expected when I last wrote, but will be a good assistance

to me. But money, I find, is everywhere hard to come by.

"The Rev. Mr. Atkinson, Fellow, to whom I was formerly Servitor, and the Rev. Mr. Hunter, another of the Fellows, who was lately schoolmaster at Hawkeshead, are both dead, within this fortnight, of consumptions, so that Mr. Thornton will, in all probability, be Fellow the first election, which we expect before Christmas.

". . . You mentioned in your last the danger that my cousin, Mary Clemison, was in, and say nothing of it in this, so that I am in hopes she is recovered. Let me know, and also how my cousin, William Howgill, junior, goes forward, and, if you can, what illness Mr. Toulmin died of, and how he left his family, or anything that occurs."

"Queen's, Oxon, August 27th, 1728.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"On the 24th instant, which was Saturday last, and St. Bartholomew's day, I was put into no small fear upon receiving your letters together, the superscription of each was written by my dear father's own hand, for I assure you I did not receive either of your letters till that time, tho' I find you sent them at different times, one being dated the 8th, the other the 12th August, so one was three weeks, the other a fortnight in coming. The cause of this I cannot imagine. I'm afraid, however, you have been

impatient to hear from me before this time. But you see the reason.

"My fears with regard to our own family were abated when I had read the letters. But my concern was still very great when I was informed of the death of a man by whose ministry I was first admitted into Holy Church by Baptism, from whose mouth I had for many years heard the word of God, and from whose hands I had twice, I think, received the comfortable Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. These considerations touched me very sensibly.

"But when I considered the greatness of his private family, whom he has now left fatherless, and a widow, and much more, the large parish where I was born, which he has left without a pastor, my concern was much heightened.

". . . Your late pastor (I speak without dissimulation) I'm afraid was not sufficiently valued among you. He took a vast deal of care in visiting the sick, as far as I remember, he preached to you good discourses, and was a man of great ingenuity, and, if he was chargeable with some indiscretions and failings, let those who are without indiscretions and failings cast the first reproach upon his memory.

"I have considered the matter which both you and my good neighbour, George Perkins, mentioned, every way, and informed the Rev. Mr. Steadman of it. But I cannot find that anybody here will lay out his endeavours that way. We are a great distance from the

patron, and know not what methods to use to make interest with him, so that the success of application for it is very uncertain, and, as far as I can perceive, most people desire to have preferment in the south, who have the opportunity of procuring it.

"As to myself, I should on several accounts be very glad to come and live for some time at my native place, if I were so much at my own disposal as that I could have leave to live out of the college without quitting the Foundation. But, as matters now stand, if I should apply for it, 'tis a hundred to one, as far as I can see, whether I could succeed or no, and to quit something of certainty as those advantages I now enjoy in college I hope are, for such an uncertainty, would, by all that know me, be reckoned very great imprudence, as well as ingratitude to those persons who have shown me so great favour in college, with a design that I should go through the Foundation. These considerations you may, if you please, lay before our good neighbour. . . . But, as to others, I suppose you will conceal your writing to me upon any such account. I shall be very impatient till I hear whom you are to have, and therefore I entreat you, as soon as ever you know, to send me word, tho' it be but a line or two. [A sheet is lost here.]

"If I could have had any hopes of success, and if I had been already Master of Arts, and so at my own disposal, I am apt to think I should have made an endeavour to come and live with you for some time,

that is, if I had lived till a Fellowship might have been vacant for me, in which time interest might have been made, and my brother Harry might have been in a capacity of succeeding me.

"But the success being uncertain, and since I could not at present, without great difficulty, have got leave, if at all, to come to it, and since, further, if both the points had succeeded to wish, I should have been obliged to come to Oxford, once to determine, do other exercises, and a second time to take my degree, both expensive to me, and highly inconvenient for the parish—upon these accounts I was obliged to drop the thought at this time. But in this I desire your privacy. . . ."

A curious side light is thrown upon his parishioners' small regard for Mr. Toulmin, their vicar, which is rebuked by George in this letter, with all the assurance of youth, and regard for the cloth he hoped soon to wear, by an extract from the *Penrith Observer* for September 3rd, 1901. After describing the church and its interior, the writer of the article goes on to say :—

"There is a small brass plate within the Sacrarium, which from its position is seldom seen, recording the life of the Rev. Robert Mounsey, who was vicar for fifty-one years. A curious incident attended his appointment, for the patron insisted that it should be 'during good behaviour.' Bishop Fleming would

have no stipulations made. Hence it was, that although appointed by Viscount Lowther in 1729, he was not legally instituted by the bishop until 1738, when the obnoxious condition was withdrawn. After Mr. Mounsey obtained possession he seems to have led a quiet and most useful life in what was then a very remote Dale."

Confirmation of this statement is to be found in the list of vicars in the parish records, whence it appears that though Mr. Toulmin died before August 27th, 1728, his successor's appointment is dated September 22nd, 1738. Mr. Mounsey was thus, as it were, on trial for about ten years—enough surely to prove that he did not inherit the bibulous tendencies of his predecessor. It is evident that a party in the dale were anxious to secure George Fothergill as successor to Mr. Toulmin, and if he could have come for awhile without forfeiting his chances of a Fellowship, he does not appear disinclined to have tried to do so. But his friends at Oxford strongly advised him to remain there, and it is not to be wondered at that they prevailed.

In 1777, the whole glebe and houses belonging to the living of Ravenstonedale, which was a perpetual curacy, were worth about £18 a year, exclusive of the ancient salary of £8 paid by the lord of the manor, as impropriator; a rent charge of £5 1s. purchased in the manor of Bleatarn with £100 left by the Rev. William Morland; £1 a year arising from land purchased with

£20 left by John Fothergill for a sermon on the 10th of August; and the interest of £5 left by Henry Fothergill for a sermon on St. Bartholomew's Day, amounting in all to about £25. In the "Clergy List" for 1897, it is put down as worth £170 per annum.

"Queen's, Oxon, October 18th, 1728.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"It is always a great satisfaction to hear of the welfare of you all, for above six years I have never had the news of death in so large a family. I have received, and return thanks for the stockings which you sent me, and which, I believe, I shall make use of myself, not knowing whether such a present to Mr. Steadman might be proper. I am sorry to hear you are yet without a pastor.

". . . It is no small joy to me, to hear that account which you have kindly sent me of all my dear brothers. I had also a letter from Mr. Yates, who gives a good account of my brother Henry's improvement, and Henry also informs me of his master's extraordinary civility to him.

". . . I have eight guineas a year from Mr. Smith, and two guineas from another gentleman, which in all make ten guineas a year, besides my allowance as as Taberdar. I deal very openly and impartially, and must at the same time confess that all this would not be sufficient without Mr. Steadman's assistance.

"I accuse myself daily for buying books, and yet

I cannot forbear, hoping that they will some time or other do me service. My Hebrew has also been very expensive to me, but in that I hope I shall now be able to go forward to further degrees of perfection by myself.

"I shall send you 'Lucas' Practical Christianity,' which is reckoned a very good book, and for this winter's entertainment and use, I shall send my brother Richard 'Mr. Collier's Essays,' which I hope will be both diverting and instructive to him. I have just wrote to Dr. Smith upon his son's account, he having wrote me a letter, and desired a particular account of our proceedings, this being the first time of my writing to him.

"I was willing to be the more exact, and therefore have been a little straightened for time, and must desire you to excuse haste. Indeed, a great deal of my time is taken up with Mr. Smith, so that I am not able to employ myself entirely in what studies I please, or follow them with that freedom from interruption I could wish."

The Mr. Collier, whose book of essays George sent to his brother Richard, may have been Jeremy, born 1650, died 1726, a famous nonjuring clergyman, who refused to take the oath of allegiance to William III. He was imprisoned several times on account of his writings, and is said to have been consecrated a bishop by one of the nonjuring prelates.

The Fothergills of Ravenstonedale

"Queen's, Oxon, December 16th, 1728.

'DEAR PARENTS,

"I find by your letter you had not heard of the death of Mr. Dalton, your late worthy rector and friend. He died, I believe, on Sunday, the 3rd of November, after a short, and seemingly slight indisposition, having preached the Sunday before.

"Mr. Dalton, being a charitable and generous man, has left a good name to himself, and good friends to his children. But was not enough a man of this world to leave much substance behind him.

"... My good benefactor, Mr. Steadman, continues his usual civilities to me, and frequently invites me to breakfast with him on tea or coffee. Our countryman, Mr. Ward, has left us some time ago, and is gone to a curacy in Somersetshire. The Rev. Walter Thornton was the first of four who were admitted Fellows this term, but the rest you don't know.

"I am very sorry to know you are still without a settled minister.

"... I am in the middle among nine Taberdars, having four above me, and four below me. In my studies I'm obliged to study the Arts and Sciences, and to take up some part of my time that way. But I have always my inclination towards that noble study, Divinity. Tho' no small portion of my time is taken up in assisting Mr. Smith. As to my brother Henry, *I cannot help being* troubled at the small prospect I have of being able to assist him for some time. For at

present I am, I must confess, unable to make things meet, or to live on what I have allowed, with all my care, without running something behindhand. . . . If I know anything of mine own heart, I never was very desirous of being either great or powerful. Still, it would be the greatest satisfaction I could enjoy in this life to be able to help Henry, or any other of my dear brothers or relations. I have been happy this winter in the company of friends, we read good books together in the evenings.

"Yours again and again, . . ."

"Queen's, Oxon, April 14th, 1729.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"I thank you for so soon sending me your thoughts about Hawkeshead school, and for the tender concern you expressed for my welfare. But I have since had reason to think that Providence has not allotted me that place, and that I shall not have the offer of it. For the gentleman who is acquainted with the donor of it, and who first hinted to me that I should have the offer, after he came out of the country and had seen Mr. Sandys, the donor, has since, about three weeks ago, had a letter from Mr. Sandys without any mention of me, and further, naming one of our college, and one of his own countrymen, who he found was not yet sufficiently provided for. This Mr. Sawry was himself of Hawkshead school. 'Tis, as far as I can hear, worth between £40 or £50 per annum,

which, if I could have had, and kept my title to the Foundation, would have been a great help, not only to me, but to my dear brother.

". . . continual running into debt, and sometimes upon urgent occasions being obliged to apply to my friends, without being able punctually to return their obligations, these and the like, are difficulties which I find, let me live as frugally as I can, I cannot avoid. I should be very glad to hear from you again, before the carrier, it being a considerable time to his next coming, tho', as I have sometimes mentioned, I never open a letter from you without some kind of fear and almost shivering.

"I have heard a piece of news which I hope is hardly true, of one of our relations at the other end of the parish, as also, that one of your heads of the parish has frequently been at the Meeting House upon some quarrel, etc.

" I should willingly be better informed, being sorry to hear anything of this kind."

The next letter is undated, but may have been written in the summer of 1729 :—

"Dear Parents,

"Mr. Yates sent up two scholars at this time, which he tells me are in Scholarship about a year before my brother, so that I guess in all likelihood he

will be fit for the University in about a year's time in that respect.

"What helps it may please Providence to raise up in that time we cannot tell, but I cannot, in all probability, be doing myself one of the greatest pleasures under the sun, by assisting him with any supplies, but the use of my books. We cannot ordinarily expect human affairs should be carried on but by human means. It would to appearance be a likely way to get him a degree as cheap as possible, to send him a little before the carrier's return in the spring, and to let him return to school again, till this time twelvemonth. But that, I am afraid, would not be consistent with that time of a year which is required for his stay at Appleby in order to his succeeding in the Exhibition. I am afraid the getting him a degree would require more money than can be procured. I am only solicitous for the disposal of Henry after he may leave Mr. Yates."

"Queen's, Oxon., July 10th, 1729.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"Your last, after receiving it, gave me a double joy, as it came to me after no small concern for the want of it. The reason was this. Mr. Ralph Milner did not come to town till a day after our carrier, so that when he had delivered out his letters all round, I had none from you by him. Nor could he give me any account, only that Pearson, the carrier,

told him you had been talking with him, but did not come at the time appointed. I thought I had but too good reason to fear you were not all well, because you had never disappointed me before of a letter. You may imagine my mind before Mr. Milner arrived was not very easy.

". . . I received also the two guineas which you, according to your fatherly generosity, were pleased to send me, upon receiving which, my heart could not but overflow with gratitude, and almost my eyes with tears, thinking I had probably straightened you too much. My heart indeed smote me soon after I had sent my last, for though every word which I have said was true, yet I fear I was too querulous.

"But I would not have you grieve on my account. My circumstances have not, as yet, had any further additions, and I am sometimes casting about how I shall be supplied with money to take my degree with, but I hope I generally cast my care upon God.

". . . Dr. Smith has been pleased, in his letters to me, to express his good wishes for my success in this world, and to promise me his assistance, when 'tis in his power to do me a service. These offers I am in duty bound thankfully to accept, but I hope I shall never repose too much confidence in an arm of flesh. What you sent me has vastly refreshed and supported me, and (as we say), set me on my legs again. I enjoy sober and studious company, and, if it may not look too much like boasting, I can be free with

persons of the best reputation in the college. Mr. Steadman and Mr. Borrett are still very obliging to me, and indeed all persons I have to deal with. As to my studies, they are chiefly in Divinity.

"I find my time in college may probably be so short, before I may be called to serve a cure, *i.e.* after I take my Master's Degree, till there is likely to be a Fellowship vacant, that I rather find it expedient to fill my head with materials, and my commonplace book with hints, to be formed into regular discourses as I have occasion afterwards.

". . . Mr. Yates gives me a very good account of Harry. I'm heartily concerned for his education, but I never despair. God will send some means to effect whatever He sees necessary. I have just had an instance of His Providential care since I had wrote a great part of this letter, which I am the more joyful, the more thankful for, as I know my joy will be the joy of you all. I was this morning sent for by a lady, who has brought her son to be entered under Mr. Steadman, and to have a sub-tutor of his recommending, and he, according to his great goodness to, and fatherly care of me, recommending me, I was pitched upon. The lady and her son go out of town again for about a month, so that I am not yet in full possession, but I have all the assurance that anything of this nature can be supposed to have, and a promise of four guineas a quarter, which is more than I ever had in this kind by a great deal. Disappointments

may happen, and perhaps it might not be prudent to have acquainted you too soon, but 'tis out of my desire of withholding nothing which may make you easy and thankful.

"There is one thing you will perhaps wonder at me for mentioning, but I desire you would send any of my brothers which you intend should ever stir from home, to a dancing school. I daily find the want of it. These may seem little things, but they may be of consequence in life. Breeding is both an engaging, and a decent,—I will add,—a necessary qualification."

"Queen's, Oxon., September 15th, 1729.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"I received yours of August 30th, about four days ago. . . . Mr. Steadman, my great benefactor and tutor, continues his favour and kindness to me. He is now, I hope, at Yarmouth, having set out for it on Monday last, which was before I received yours, so that I could not communicate to him the concern you mentioned, but shall, upon his arrival, which we expect in a week or less than a fortnight's time, advise with him, it being my most earnest desire that it might take effect. It filled me, not only with sentiments of compassion for him who is most concerned in it,—my dear brother,—but of gratitude to you who are so forward to do for us all beyond your power, otherwise, I am very sensible I could not, humanly speaking, have been what I am now.

"Nor can I give you any further account of the affair I mentioned concerning myself, having heard nothing since of the gentleman I spoke of, he not being come at the time he purposed. But I have hopes still, having heard nothing to the contrary, and a room being, by Mr. Steadman's order, fitting up for him. My allowance this quarter, will not therefore, be at all increased, but after what I received last carrier, I dare not, indeed I ought not, mention any supply from you. My affairs, in other respects, are the same as they were."

An undated letter, but, probably in Lent, 1730:—

"Dear Parents,

"I thank you, as in duty bound, for the last token of your paternal care and affection for me, the smallness of which I am as much concerned for, upon your account as my own, well knowing, from your readiness at all times, even beyond your power to supply me, that when you cannot do it, 'tis as heavy an affliction to you, not to give, as 'tis to me not to receive, if not heavier.

"Indeed, I'm never more sensibly touched than when I think of poor Harry's case. My own inability to relieve him with anything but books, is a great grief to me, and what to say I know not. On one hand, the expensiveness of living here daily increases, and our good friend Mr. Steadman must shortly leave us.

On the other hand, the value of a liberal education is so great, as to counterbalance many difficulties.

"Thus the matter stands upon human computation. I wish you would please consult with Mr. Yates about Harry's fitness for the university, for of that he must be the best judge. Mr. Steadman's nephew has succeeded Mr. Elliotson in the Exhibition, he being Senior Appleby Scholar, and this Exhibition is now disposed of according to seniority, the Earl of Thanet, who is lately dead, having ordered it should be so after his death; and I am afraid my brother would not stand a fair chance for getting it, in two years, he having three or four seniors in college, who are qualified for it, as far as I can reckon.

"If I should stay in college, I should be very glad that he might lay with me, if he himself should chose it, or, otherwise, I believe I have interest enough to get him a convenient room. But whether I shall stay in college or not, I cannot tell. It is, however, probable that I shall, considering the expensiveness of living here as Master of Arts, and that I lose my Taberdar's allowance.

"My taking orders at London, or Oxford, or elsewhere, is according to the Diocese in which the place I am to be ordained to serve lyes, and, therefore, where I shall be ordained is as uncertain to me as the place where Providence shall cast my lot in. Your mentioning my proposal of cutting off my hair as a turning away from God, gave me great concern. I hope upon

second thoughts, you will not be inclined to think so hardly of a practice so almost universal. I cannot but think matters of dress, abstracting from the foppery or extravagance of them, to be of an indifferent nature, and, in indifferent things, all the casuists I have met with say, that a great deference is due to custom, and the reasonable expectations of others. In things innocent, we may very commendably follow a multitude. Christianity is far from obliging us to any singularities in dress, or from complying with custom in things lawful. To say otherwise would be to bring up an evil report upon that amiable religion. And I am not therefore ashamed to say, that one reason for my requesting your consent was, that I might appear, in some measure, like those of my own standing and degree, and to be able to appear among them without being taken notice of to my disadvantage. But another very considerable reason, which I was unwilling to give you uneasiness by mentioning, is the weakness of my eyesight, which I hope will, by God's blessing, be somewhat assisted by this means. Not that my eyes are very much worse than they have been of late, but I find them very weak.

"I have not yet cut off my hair, but having these reasons, and other inducements, and at the same time your leave, 'tis probable I may do it sometime this spring.

"I'm always sorry to write to you in haste, but am now obliged, being under obligations to do part of my

Lent exercise in the public school this morning. Mr. Steadman, and myself especially, have also been very much employed in finding, and disposing of Mr. Elliotson's books and other effects here, for this month past, in order to give his father a full account by this carrier, which yet, I fear, we shall not be able to do. Nobody knows the time and trouble of these things, but they who have experienced them, which yet is far from being uneasy to me, if I can thereby show my respect to a deceased friend, or any of his relations."

When George Fothergill wrote, thus humbly, to his father, asking his permission to cut off his hair, he was twenty-five years of age! The old custom of "long locks" must have still obtained in the remote dale, and it is possible that his parents' evident objection to the new style, which they looked upon "as a turning away from God," might be connected with the intense loyalty of the dalesmen, and be associated with the Cavaliers and Roundheads of the previous century. The name "Snod," bestowed on George by the juniors of his college, is thought to bear reference to the disappearance of his hair, which he seems to have had cut off in the year 1730.

"Queen's, Oxon, May 25th, 1730.

"To Mr. Henry Fothergill,
At Mrs. Noble's,
Near the Free School,
In Appleby, Westmoreland.

"These—

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I have wrote to our good father to send thee away, with Mr. Yates' leave, as soon as he has an opportunity. So that I desire and hope to see thee here shortly and shall not therefore now write a long letter, hoping soon to give thee real proof of my earnest desire to serve thee.

"I hear thy kind master intends for Oxford very shortly, and is, I suppose, set forward already. If he is not, thou may'st give him the enclosed with my heartiest service and respects."

It would appear, from this letter, that Henry Fothergill entered at Queen's College in June, 1730, being then about twenty years of age. His elder brother, George, was five years older, and had been at Oxford for eight or nine years. This is the first of George's letters to any one, except his parents, which has been preserved. When he left home, his brothers, with the exception of Richard, would be little children, running about the fields.

"Queen's, Oxon, July 14th, [probably 1730].

"DEAR PARENTS,

"I find I am indebted to you for two letters from both, in which I had the pleasure to hear of your health and welfare, and am only sorry when I sit down to return thanks for them, I am obliged to complain once more of being straitened in time.

"But, this morning, a gentleman from London brought his son to be entered, desiring I would be his tutor, and necessary civilities to him scarce allow me to steal so much time before the carrier goes, (which he tells me he has resolved to do this afternoon), as to write to you in.

" . . . You will, I hope, receive by carrier, my night-gown, and a wigg which was made of my own hair, along with some things which my brother Harry sends, who has wrote you over the sermon you desired, tho' I fear it will hardly answer your expectation, but I hope what is wanting in that, will be compensated by a volume of sober and sound sermons, being the Homilies of our Church reduced to modern style by Dr. . . . "

George Fothergill took his M.A. in 1730, and was immediately ordained, and took a chaplaincy; he does not say where. But it must have been close to Oxford, if not in the city. He was afterwards presented to the living of Bramley, in Kent. The sermon referred to is evidently one of his early ones, which his parents were anxious to read.

"Queen's, Oxon., December 21st, 1730.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"The receipt of your last was very pleasing to my dear brother and myself, as it brought us the ever-refreshing news of your health and welfare. We are both very well; Harry had a little cold for a day or two, but in the main I believe Oxford agrees very well with him. I am now, as I reckon, just entered upon my twenty-sixth year. . . . I heartily wish my dear brother and sister joy of their late purchase. I long to see you all, but it is very uncertain when I may have an opportunity. My chaplainship requires my constant attendance, and, indeed, I found so much uneasiness at parting last time, as makes me fear the happiness of an interview would not be without alloy. My circumstances are much the same they have for some time been. Mr. Provost speaks very kindly to me, and, I hope, will do something more when he has opportunity. He was pleased to make Harry servitor, before several of his seniors. My dear brother continues very sober and regular. He joins me in love and duty to you all."

"Queen's, Oxon., July 9th, 1731.

"DEAR PARENTS,

". . . I have just received the linen cloth for sheets, and the two pairs of stockings for my dear brother, which I shall carefully give him, and for all of which I return you unfeigned thanks. The linen is

rather finer than it needed have been for sheets, and if you could procure, some opportunity or other, a piece of cloth, home-made, not so fine, but something stronger, it would be of great service, and I shall endeavour to make a return in what manner I can, and you shall direct. We would have sent you our old sheets, but that Harry himself makes use of them to save him the expense of buying new ones. My dear brother Harry continues very sober, regular, and pious, and is, I believe, beloved of all.

"As to myself, you are not, I believe, the only persons who would be glad if I could have an opportunity of coming to Lockholme. I fear there is not any near prospect of it. My engagements in the college are such as require my constant attendance here, and when I have scarce an hour in a day to myself, I can scarce hope to be able to spare a month or two. I find myself fully employed, and, as far as I can see, it is like to be my lot. My place of tutor is a very toilsome and anxious employment. If I be tolerably successful, it will be in some degree profitable, though, to speak the truth, the debts I have unavoidably contracted will require a good deal of pains to clear them. Pray give my duty to my aged grandmother."

This is the last mention of the "aged grandmother," who died the same year, at a great age.

"Queen's, Oxon., October 12th, 1732.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"I cannot without wonder and gratitude reflect how for above this ten years past I have never had cause to lament upon receiving a letter from Lockholme. Harry and myself are both very well, and though I am now and then ailing, as I expect always to be while I live, yet I believe I am in a pretty good state of health. I heartily thank you for the stockings you kindly sent me, which will fit me very well, and are very good ones. If I can get Mr. Kitson to take them in his bags, I will send you Bishop Burnet's 'History of the Reformation,' which, after you have been entertained with these winter evenings that are coming on, I would desire that my brother Richard would call them his own.

"I had a letter from Tommy [his fifth brother, born 1715], who tells me that he likes [school?] very well, and that his master and landlady are both very civil to him at Kendal. Harry continues to be very good and regular, and, so far as I perceive, gains the good-will of all about him. My pupil Holme likewise is very careful."

Thomas Fothergill, fifth son of the family, entered Queen's College, and matriculated there on July 13th, 1734, when he was eighteen years of age. On October 31st we have a letter from him to his parents, written in a very boyish hand :—

"I received yours, the breeches, and half a crown which you kindly sent me, for which, as in duty bound, I return you my hearty thanks. I believe they will fit very well. I like very well at Oxford, and have all things necessary in a very plentiful manner, and my brothers are very kind and good-natured. I suppose an account what pupils George has got may not be disagreeable, seeing I have no news to tell you. He has five Commoners, some of whom pay, I believe, eight pounds a year. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Bird each four, and five that pay the usual price, besides myself. I hope Harry will be pretty well provided for, and I hope, in time, George will have opportunity of preferring him. He seems very willing to quit the Foundation, but he fears not getting to see you this long time, he goes into a very pleasant part, and I hope will be treated as his good nature deserves. They have writ very obligingly yesterday. George was elected Fellow, to his and our great joy. Now he is out of all danger, and may dare to [illegible], for a Servitor's place for me. I suppose it will be some time before he will have a Fellowship. George has had a curacy ever since I came."

No letters from any of the sons during the year 1733 appear to have been preserved. We know that George was elected Fellow of his college in October 1734, but he did not come into the possession of the

DR. THOMAS FOTHERGILL,
PROVOST OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD, 1774–1796.

(*From an Oil Painting in Queen's College, Oxford.*)

emoluments until nearly two years later, as he is careful to explain in the next letter:—

"Queen's, Oxford, October 19th, 1734.

"I thank you, my dear parents, for your kind letter, which you will believe was not the less agreeable, as it informed me of your health and welfare, and of the whole family at Lockholme, and Crossbank, [where his brother Richard lived]. We likewise are all three in very good health, and I receive daily pleasure and comfort from the sobriety and virtue of my two brothers, for whom I wish it were more in my power than it is to do service. However, I have a more certain prospect of being able in due time than I lately had, the Provost and Fellows having on Thursday last been pleased to elect me Fellow, by which I am put out of danger of being turned by. Though I am not admitted to any profits of income more than I had, because there are but two vacancies, and I only the fourth of the persons elected, who were in all six, Mr. Lewry's son, of Kendal, being one. When there will be a vacancy for me is very uncertain; but, however, this re-election, as we call it, or election before a vacancy, has made me secure, and may make me take pupils, if any offer, with more freedom than I could do before.

"Upon mature deliberation, after having your consent, we have accepted Mr. Archdeacon Huddleston's offer, so that my dear brother Harry is preparing

for his Degree and for Holy Orders. He is to be curate to Mr. Huddleston himself, and to live in the house of his brother-in-law, Henry Harrington, Esq., who is lord of the manor in that parish, which is about three miles from Bath. I am very sorry to think of parting with him, but hope it will be for his advantage, and give him an opportunity of being useful in his generation, and keep him pretty free from debt, with which I daily feel the uneasiness of being encumbered, as he would, in all probability, had he remained on the Foundation. . . ."

It is evident, though it is nowhere said, that Henry was to act as tutor to Mr. Harrington's sons, besides officiating as their uncle's curate. Mr. Harrington's second son, Henry, was a pupil of George Fothergill's in Oxford, and, in due time, succeeded his uncle, the celebrated Dr. Edward Harrington, of Bath. He is frequently mentioned in Madame d'Arblay's "Journal." The splendid Elizabethan mansion of the Harringtons at Kelston was afterwards sold, by the father and the oldest son, to Sir Cæsar Hawkins, and subsequently pulled down—a work of no small difficulty.

Dr. Steadman, who by this time had become chaplain to the Bishop of London, died in April, 1733, leaving George Fothergill his executor. When he writes to his parents on March 8th, in the following year, the business of this trust seems to be weighing somewhat heavily upon him :—

"If anything could refresh my spirits when they are almost spent and exhausted (as I confess they now are, and my brother Richard will perhaps tell you the occasion), it would be the thought of writing to you.

"Thomas and myself are both very well, and we saw Harry here about a week ago, in good health and heart. I have since had a letter from him, signifying his safe arrival and kind reception at Kelston. You will believe it is no small satisfaction to me to hear so much of my good brothers at home. I wish with all my heart I could have wrote a line, or sent them or you any little memorandum. But I really have been of late, and still am, so hurried that I am forced to desire an excuse in hopes of being more at liberty another opportunity.

"Thank you for the intimation you gave me as to Dr. Steadman's affairs. I fear the world begins to think me slow, and the apprehension sits heavy upon me. But I really cannot help it, and I think the persons concerned should not, nor, if they knew all, would they censure me very hardly. . . . Thomas goes on extremely well, and if I am able to do anything for him, it gives me more comfort than I could easily receive any other way.

"I have had great encouragement in the way of tutor lately, having entered two Gentleman Commoners and two Commoners since Christmas, and I am in hopes, if I were but to receive the profits of an actual Fellowship, I should not need to put you to much

more expense for Thomas. But when this will be, is as yet wholly uncertain.

"I would pray not to be taken out of the world before I had discharged my own debts, as well as settled the affairs of others. I would not willingly leave an encumbrance behind me upon my dear parents. I fear it will hardly be in my power to pay my duty to you in person this summer, my attendance as chaplain, as well as the care of those whom I must not desert, being so very strictly required. . . ."

"Queen's Coll., Oxon., May 5th, 1735.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"About ten days ago I received with great joy, your letter giving an account of your welfare by Mr. Lancelet Richardson. He stayed here two days, and I sent by him eight of the sermons, which were all I had left by me, to be disposed of as you shall think proper among our relations and friends, particularly one for my godfather, and I enclosed with them one apiece for the following persons to whom I am obliged, . . . and I must desire you to convey them to those persons as you have opportunity; your greatest difficulty will be as to Mr. Wilkinson, but I believe he is in the way to Penrith. Your information was not false. It was only owing to the commands of my superiors that I had any intention of printing the sermon, which I fear you will think too abstruse. I am sensible it is so, by reason I endeavoured to adapt

it to the audience before which I was to appear, and further than whom I had no design of sending it. If you would have me send any more of the copies to oblige any of your friends, I will endeavour to send you a few more by the carrier. You will give my dear brother Richard one of those I now send. Thomas goes on exceedingly well, and deserves a great deal more than my circumstances will yet allow me to do for him. I assure you, could I support him here, without prejudice to my own creditors, I would not desire any assistance from you. But, at present, I am obliged to say that anything you can well send him at Midsummer will be very serviceable. . . ."

The sermon above referred to is probably one preached at St. Margaret's, Westminster, before the House of Commons, on the anniversary of the Restoration of Charles II., and for which George received the thanks of the House through Mr. Godolphin. There are frequent notices in the letters of books, pamphlets, and sermons sent home by the absent son. His usual messenger was the carrier, Joseph Ritson, who journeyed three times a year between Oxford and Auksdale, and who seems to have been a dependable person, trusted not only with books, but with money, for which he always scrupulously accounted. The leather bag, or book cover, as George calls it, is still in the possession of descendants of the family. It bears two addresses, one on either side—Queen's

College, Oxford, and Lockholme, Westmoreland—and was doubtless sped on its way at Candlemass, Midsummer, and Michaelmas, which were the times at which Joseph Ritson made his journeys. The dates of the letters also correspond very closely to these seasons, so Ritson seems to have acted as postman, as well as banker and carrier.

On October 18th, 1735, George writes about the distribution of two hundred and fifty pounds to Dr. Steadman's relatives, and adds the following postscript to his letter :—

"I had almost forgot to acquaint you that, about a week ago, one Mrs. Elizabeth Fothergill, the youngest of the family formerly at Tarn House, was so kind as to call upon brother Thomas and myself, upon the account of our name, and supposed relation. She tells me she left Ravenstonedale when about six years of age, but she retains a great affection for the place, particularly Tarn House. She often sees Mr. Robert Burton, (William Burton of Sedber's brother), who lives in or near London, and very frequently inquires after us, as I am told by some of our college, who are acquainted with him, and professes to consider us as relations."

It is evident that about this time the question of brother James's coming to college began to occupy his parents' minds. Thomas, with whom the whole family seem to have been on much more easy and familiar terms than with George, appears to have been asked

to open the subject. And one of his rare remaining letters sets forth his good reasons for declining to do so just then. Three years afterwards George, who had meanwhile helped to pay for the boy's schooling at Kendal, found himself in a position to arrange for this younger brother to come to college, but James's early death prevented the carrying out of his plans.

"Queen's, Oxford, May 26th, 1736.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"You have deferred writing so long, that I fear there are but too good grounds to suspect that you are not all well. We have expected to hear from you this long time. We are all very well, (God be thanked). George gives his duty to you. I had a letter from Harry very lately. He designs to come and keep Act Term, so that you may venture to send him what letter you please by the carrier, because I suppose he'll be here at that time. We have no news. What pupils George has, or any such thing as that, I shall acquaint you with in my next. I desire you, if you well can, to send me two or three pairs of stockings, and some cloth for shirts, but if you be straitened for money, you may let the cloth alone. I believe I can make a shift with those I have till Michaelmass. I had been quite out by now, but George, last Midsummer, gave me four pretty good ones. I would gladly hear what way you turn Jamie.

"I am conscious to myself of not having pressed

George so very hard for brother James's coming here, as my willing mind prompted me to do. But this, I hope, both you and he will pardon, for you must be sensible what a difficult place I am set in. If I urge George very hard for my brother's coming here, he will think me very unreasonable in desiring to throw more weight upon him, when I myself, I fear, lye too heavy upon him, and, if I should tell you my mind, I know you would be apt to accuse me, (of which God be my witness, in this case I am far from), of selfishness. If brother James go to another school, he ought to go some time this year. If he go to a trade, I desire he may go to a good reputable one in some town near, where he might, in time, be serviceable to your respective families. I hope by the time he were loose, some one or other of us might be able to assist him in setting up. I do not fear any of our willingness, when circumstances will permit. . . ."

There is another fragment of a letter from Thomas in existence, which, from its opening words, may have been written soon after James's death in 1769: "—— was also very kind to my dear brother. Brother George is gone out to-day to dine with the Bishop of Oxford, at his seat, about four miles from this city, having been invited thither along with the Provost. I would not have other persons see this, because my telling of it may seem to have too much vanity in it. I heartily thank you for the very good cloth and pair

of stockings you have sent me. I think here are no alterations in college since my last. George still continues to have a very fine stock of pupils. . . ."

George was now beginning to get on in his collegiate world, for the next letter home tells of his succeeding to the emoluments of the Fellowship to which he had for some time been pre-elected.

"Queen's, Oxon., July 12th, 1736.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"I received your tender and affectionate letter by the carrier. . . . I have daily comfort in the good beheaviour of my two brothers. We were all together for a fortnight, which we had long expected with pleasure, and you will believe did not forget those to whom we are indebted for everything. But alas! the time of Harry's stay with us was soon over (he having been obliged to leave us on Thursday), and the pleasure we had enjoyed from his being with us, was almost overbalanced by the pain we had in parting with him again.

"I thank my dear mother, particularly, for the kind letters of affection which she sent to each of us, and I must not forget to acknowledge my dear father's care in paying Matthew Steadman three pounds for himself, and sixteen pounds in trust for his brother Richard's child, and in taking receipts for these sums, they came safe to my hand enclosed.

"I can now congratulate you (and I heartily bless

God for it) upon my being admitted actual Fellow of Queen's College, which was on the 18th of last month, the very day on which I was, just fourteen years before, matriculated in the university. I am now entitled to the profits of a Fellowship, and, if it please God to spare my life, I have a comfortable prospect of being able to do justice to everybody in due time, which, that it is not my case at present, is a great concern to me. Pray remember me kindly to all my relations, particularly to my aunt, and all my cousins. I should think myself happy in an opportunity of doing any kindness to them, or any of theirs ; and if it could be done without ostentation, or being very much spoken of, I should be glad if you would some afternoon or evening, when time can best be spared, call them together at Lockholme, and spend half a crown upon them, or more, if you see occasion. But this I leave to your discretion, and, however, I would not have it talked of. . . ."

Half a crown does not seem a very large sum for an entertainment, but it is necessary to remember that in those days it was probably equivalent to about three or four times as much as it is now, and, things being cheap in the dale, the new Fellow would not spend much short of a sovereign on his treat.

The following October there seems to have been a further distribution of Mr. Steadman's property. He was a Westmoreland man, known, probably, to old Henry Fothergill, as some of his relations and legatees

certainly were. And this accounted, no doubt, for the kindness he showed George from the moment he entered the university. From a fragment of a letter written about this time, we learn that this second distribution of £245 was not so good as the executor had hoped, on account of "having been disappointed of some money which I ought to have received on Dr. Steadman's account before now. . . . I have charged Mr. Ritson to make no distribution on the Sunday, and hope he will be as good as his word."

"My friend Mr. Bird, coming down at this time, is so kind as to bring you a book in his box, which I hope will be acceptable, tho' I would not have it understood as if either this, or any other merely human composition I may at any time send you, were, in every particular, exactly agreeable to my sentiments."

"Queen's, Oxon., October 15th, 1736.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"The news which you send us of your health and welfare, and that of all our dear brothers, and of Richard's spouse, and two little ones, was received with the same joy that you will receive the news of our health and brother Harry's, from whom we heard very lately. Brother Thomas has just brought me the pair of stockings you have kindly sent me, which are extremely good ones, and for which I most heartily thank you.

"By way of small return, I have sent by the

carrier a volume of essays, or letters, collected from a late weekly paper, published in London, which may, I hope, be no disagreeable entertainment for you and brother Richard this winter nights. They are, some of them, perhaps, on subjects a little too abstruse, and others are wrote in a way of which I cannot say I wholly approve. But you may, from the contents, pick out such subjects as you like best. I confess I am not wholly satisfied as to the making serious and religious matters the subject of coffee-house entertainment, as these papers were upon their first publication; but as infidelity and irreligion were propagated in that way, it was, I suppose, thought proper to send some antidote after them to be met with in the same places where the poison was spread. I have put in the same packet a very plain and imperfect discourse, which I lately drew up in the midst of several other engagments of a different nature, and preached upon an occasion mentioned upon the first leaf. Brother Thomas very cheerfully transcribed it for you, and as it comes from my hand, I doubt not but, with all its imperfections, it will meet with a favourable reception at Lockholme, and Crossbank, and further, I hope, it will not go. I wish I could have come along with it, and have delivered it to you, out of Russendale pulpit, or that I might be so happy as to do it next summer. I think your longing for an interview is not greater than your dutiful son's.

"But methinks, when I do come, I would fain be

able to leave behind me some testimonies of gratitude to my dear parents, some marks of my affection for my native place, which, alas! I am not at present in circumstances to do. And to speak a serious truth, I hardly dare show my face in Westmoreland till I can make up accounts with some persons in your neighbourhood, which, I fear me, one or two considerable debtors will not so soon enable me to do, and I begin almost to fear I shall be laid under a necessity at last of using methods of greater severity, than I am by any means inclined to. I have given brother Thomas the half-crown I desired you to lay down for me. . . ."

"Queen's, Oxon., July 9th, 1737.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"Your affectionate letter, which I received by Mr. Ritson, gave me the fresh comfort and joy of hearing that you are all well, and your three sons here are all of us able to return the same news concerning our health at present. Brother Thomas scarcely ever ails anything. Harry is very cheerful and well, and as to myself, I should be very unreasonable should I complain of want of health, which I enjoy, by God's blessing, in a good degree. I long to see you all, but dare not hope for that happiness this summer. I received the handkerchief which my good mother sends me. Brother Thomas sends down a box, in which she will find a damask night-gown, which I

wish may be of some service. Brother Harry took his degree of Master of Arts yesterday. I am glad to find you are going about the repairing and rebuilding our parish church and steeple. You will believe I shall be extremely ready to forward so good a work, especially when recommended by my father, and when the parish in which I was born, and the church in which I was baptised are so nearly concerned in it. And if you will let me know when it will be most seasonable, and in what manner it will be most proper, I will very cheerfully contribute even more than I can perhaps well afford, especially if, by so doing, I may secure my good father a decent seat in the church. But as to recommending it here, in the manner you seem to think of, I fear it will not be in my power. I have no parish church of my own to enforce it to, and our university church being only intended for sermons, not prayers (which the members of every particular college resort to twice a day on Sundays as well as other days in their own chapel), we never have any briefs read there, nor any collections, but upon some occasions at the church door, after sermon for the poor. I have wrote to Dr. Waugh the Chancellor, as heartily as I could presume to do. I heartily thank you for the hints you give me about Dr. Steadman's relations. I have spoke my mind pretty freely and largely to brother Richard upon that affair, and should be very desirous of any advice from you, or him, about a distribution before I make one. . . ."

The meaning of this last paragraph in the letter is rather vague until it is read in connection with the final clause of Dr. Steadman's will, made three years and a half before his death, and which placed his executor in a by no means enviable position. It runs thus :—

"Lastly, I give and bequeath to George Fothergill, Bachelor of Arts of Queen's College, Oxon., Twenty Pounds. I constitute and appoint the said George Fothergill Executor in Trust of this my last Will and Testament, willing and requesting that after the punctual payment of all my just debts, my funeral expenses, and the legacies above written, he will devide the remainder of my estate (if any remainder there be) among my near relations in the North, in such parts and portions as (after inquiry had) shall to him seem best suited to their several wants and necessities, of which I constitute him sole Judge."

"Queen's, Oxon, July 14th, 1738.

"DEAR PARENTS,

". . . Brother Harry and Thomas are, I hope, very well, but Thomas is not yet returned from his visit. I have procured, and sent by Mr. Ritson, one of the neatest printed and best bound Common Prayer books that I could meet with for the person you mention, with the old version of Psalms as directed. I gave six shillings and sixpence for it [probably about a sovereign of our present money].

Give me leave to add only, that if it is to be represented as being a present, I had rather it might not be thought a present from either you or me, because such a notion might be liable to misconstruction, and perhaps the plain truth may be best, but that will be easiest judged of by circumstances, and the knowledge of the new husband. I have sent nothing along with it at present, hoping shortly to send a box of my own things by the carrier, which, if it should arrive at Kendal or Kirkby before I do, I must beg you will lay down the money for carriage, and I hope to repay it.

"If you can think of anything likely to be agreeable, I will endeavour to convey it to you by the same opportunity. I cannot yet fix upon any day on which I hope to be either at Kendal or Kirkby Lonsdale, and if I could, tho' I should be glad to see either my dear father or brother Richard as soon as possible, yet I beg and entreat that my coming may make as little noise as may be, for, alas, what am I, that any stir should be made about me! I am heartily concerned to find that there is so much talk about my journey, which is one of the things that would soonest deter me from it, as it makes me fear that I should be able to spare you very little of my time at Lockholme from making visits to the many persons I am obliged to in the country, and, I fear, if I come down, and stay very little at home, my dear mother will be more uneasy than if I had not come at all.

"I should be glad all things were in as good order

at Lockholme as you could conveniently put them into, and I should willingly contribute anything I can well afford for that purpose, because I shall probably be called upon by some or other, and should be very glad to receive my friends in the manner the country affords. I have given Mr. Ritson (the present carrier) a shilling to take care of the box, which makes the whole expense *7s. 6d.* . . ."

This seems to have been only the second visit home paid by George Fothergill since he left it, a raw schoolboy, sixteen years before, and it shows the result of contact with a wider world that he should be so anxious to ensure the proper reception of his friends when they came to see him. Evidently, his repute had now extended beyond the limits of the dale, and he might reasonably anticipate visitors of higher social degree than those who usually found their way to Lockholme. Yet how careful he is to put the matter in such a form as shall least touch his parent's susceptibilities! Considering the length of time the journey took, his stay cannot have been a very long one, for at the end of November we find him writing again to his parents from Oxford :—

"Your kind letter of the 18th instant came safe to my hand, and (blessed be God) found both of us here very well, and you will believe made us not the less cheerful upon finding that you were all in both families

in good health, and particularly our dear mother so free from uneasiness in her eyes. Mr. Thomas, who offered brother Harry his curacy, is, I find, not certain when his present curate will leave him. But Harry tells me in his last letter, that Mr. Archdeacon Hudleston, some time after he had given him an intimation of his thoughts of leaving Kelston, sent for him to Wells, and received him exceeding kindly, and told him, if he would stay with him, he would make him an absolute promise of the living of Pensford, if it should become vacant in his time. This living the archdeacon presents to as archdeacon, and Harry tells me the present incumbent is about fourscore years old, and, as far as he can learn, the living worth about fourscore pounds a year.

"The encouragement, I hope, makes Harry pretty easy for the present. Mr. Archdeacon had a little while before, in a letter, informed me of Harry's proposal of leaving him, and gave him an exceeding good character, expressing a great unwillingness to part with him from his neighbourhood, but, at the same time, not hinting that he could do anything for him, but, as I thought, rather the contrary. Upon this, and as he has a son now with me, whom he intends for orders next Trinity Sunday, whom I supposed he would be glad to have for his assistant in my brother's place, and having received a very condescending kind letter from my Lord Bishop of Carlisle, I ventured to mention brother Harry's case,

and pressed my Lord, as strongly as I could, to do something for him.

"I have not yet received, nor could I for the time expect an answer as yet, so that this matter continues, as it were.

"We are both of us very glad you have thought of some way of disposing of brother Joseph, and have no objection to that you speak of. Oh! that something of this kind had been done for honest James some years ago! What to advise about him, poor man! I cannot conceive. It is still absolutely against my judgment, considering our present circumstances, to think of supporting him at the university.

"But, rather than that he should be ruined, when he deserves well at all our hands, and ought to be taken care of in such manner as we reasonably can, I am writing to make this proposal. If you, or brother Richard, can get in what is due to me from Mr. Birkbeck, either in whole, or in part, by applying to himself, or his brother (an account of which I shall enclose to be shown to him if you find occasion), I am content it shall be employed, as far as it will go, in placing brother James at some school, Kendal or Appleby, as you shall think most convenient, till Midsummer, or Michaelmas next, in which time he may make some improvement, and by which time I may be a little better able to help him forward here than in the spring, when I hope brother Thomas will be coming on Taberdar.

"In the mean time I wish Mr. Birkbeck were consulted as soon as possible, and if he gives you proper encouragement, when you have fixed upon a school, pray let me know, that I may write to my brother's intended master. I herewith enclose Mr. Birkbeck's account, and have at the bottom put down what will be due for interest next December 13th. He voluntarily, by letter, a good while ago, offered to pay me interest, and, considering that by the want of his money, among others, I am myself forced to borrow money upon interest, I think it reasonable he should pay me it.

"But, if he should scruple it, and you should think it too strict to insist upon it, I leave it to your discretion, and his, to agree about it. Indeed, £16 13*s.* 7*d.* included in my demand, has all along been due to the mercer, and one or two tradesmen here, the interest for which is due, properly, to them, not me. So that, if Mr. B. pays you with the principal and interest, I must, when I pay them their bills, make them an allowance for their interest too.

"You will perceive by this, that of £32 15*s.* 7*d.* due by the enclosed account, there is only due properly to myself, £16 2*s.* 0*d.*, after the sum first above mentioned as due to others is deducted. I believe I had best write to Mr. Birkbeck myself, desiring him to advance to you or brother Richard what he can spare, so that when you call upon him, which for brother James' sake I could wish might be the first

convenient opportunity, you will have no occasion to shew him this letter. But I have dwelt too long upon this matter, which, however, is of some importance to us. I pray God give a blessing to our endeavours for one another, and particularly to those of, dear parents,

"Your dutiful Son,
"GEORGE FOTHERGILL."

Joseph, who weighs so heavily on his elder brother's mind, was the youngest of the family, and now about fifteen years old. Very little is known about him. He was apprenticed to some trade at Kendal, and seems to have died at the very end of the century, more prosperous, as to worldly matters, than any of the other brothers. Whether Mr. Birkbeck paid up, or not, we do not know, but it appears that James, who had given evidences of considerable talent, was sent to school at Kendal at George's expense, and died, at the age of nineteen, the following year. Though his death occurred on August 25th, 1739, such was the slowness of communication in those days, that George does not appear to have received the news at Oxford until October.

"Queen's, Oxford, March 24th, 1739.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"I received your kind and affectionate letter by Mr. Hastewell, and am not a little concerned

to find that my dear father has been so much afflicted with pains of body this winter. I hope, however, by God's blessing, the spring and summer weather will bring you ease, and I should think it the happiest circumstance of my life, if Providence should graciously put it in my power to contribute towards both your comfortable subsistence without much bodily labour, when surely you might be excused in allowing yourselves a little ease after you have, for the maintenance of us, your children, almost worn yourselves out with toil and hard work. Brother Thomas and myself are both of us very well, and so was Harry when I last heard from him about a week ago. I have sent two or three books which I have given brother Richard an account of. Brother William, I find, is now your only support left in the house with you, and I have accordingly directed one of the books to be called his, tho' I hope you will consider one as intended for yourself.

"I am glad to hear James and Joseph are settled at Kendal, and shall be heartily glad to hear of their prosperity, and going on well. And more so if I can be any way instrumental towards it, as I must endeavour to be to brother James particularly, if it please God to spare life and strength.

"I have not heard anything from Mr. Towers about James, and cannot therefore guess when he will think him fit for Oxford. But I suppose Mr. Ritson's (the carrier's) Michaelmas journey will be the soonest, and indeed I scarce dare undertake the charge of his

entrance sooner. My expenses with Thomas will be considerable this spring in all likelihood, and are so continually in other respects, tho' my comings in are greater than I can well hope for.

"Your kind neighbours and friends, Mr. Barnett, and Hastewell of Kirkby, sent me each a guinea by way of entrance with their sons, which is a complement I have not been used to, from persons of higher rank and fortune. I could not but take it very kindly, and beg you will take an opportunity of thanking each of them heartily in private for their generosity.

"My pupil, Barnett, of whom I have had the longer experience, is a very good scholar, and an ingenious hopeful youth, and they are both of them, as well as their neighbour Hartley, to whose father pray remember me kindly, entitled to all the good offices that I can be supposed capable of doing for them. I shall write to Mr. Bird as you kindly advise. I have this moment received a letter from dear Harry, who is very hearty and well. . . ."

Henry must have written from Kelston, where he had now been curate for two years. The Hastewells appear to have been neighbours in the dale, for in a list of the landowners taken from the parish book, two families of that name are mentioned, the valuation of whose lands amount respectively to £11 16*s.* and £13 8*s.* A member of one of these Hastewell families married George's niece, Agnes, or Nancy,

as she was more familiarly called, the second daughter of his brother Richard, thus carrying out the unwritten custom of the dale.

"Queen's, Oxford, August 19th, 1739.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"It gave me unspeakable pleasure to find from brother Richard's kind letter, and yours, that you are all well. Brother Thomas and I are both of us in good health, and I hope to find Harry so in a few days, at Kelston, intending to go and see him (God willing) this week.

"I'm sorry I should, contrary to my intention, forget to thank Mr. Hastewell for the ham he kindly sent. It came safe to my hand, and proved an excellent one. Pray return my hearty thanks to him for so acceptable a present, and for so kindly answering the bill I took the liberty to draw upon him, and let him know his son is very well in all respects.

"If the bill answered any present occasion of yours I shall be heartily glad I had it in my power to send it. I heartily wish I could do more. I hope I shall never grudge to part with anything I have when my best of fathers and mothers want it, or any of my dear brothers, or any that belong to them. You say not whether Mr. Towers thinks James will be fit for Oxford by Mr. Ritson's next journey, tho' I hope he will. I spoke to Mr. Ritson to let you know if any person wanted to send a horse up to Oxford at that time, that

James might take such an opportunity. I am afraid Richard's young horse would hardly be confirmed enough to perform so long a journey, being but about four years old, otherwise I should be very glad to have him. But I fancy he would come more safely another summer. For the present my old horse answers my purpose very well, is very tractable and safe, and so hardy that I have no great care upon me about him, winter or summer, and, for want of care (as we must trust such matters to persons who are not always very careful), I am afraid so young a horse as Richard's might take hurt here this winter. Next spring or summer, should any opportunity offer, I may perhaps be desirous of making an exchange with my brother, but had rather, for the reasons above, defer it till then. I believe I can let brother James have a pair of sheets; if you conveniently can, you may send another pair with him. I suppose he has [illegible], and others he had better not bring.

"I lent Phil. Hastewell a dictionary in lieu of one which he told me he left with my brother. If he should bring that up with him, we could restore it, and redeem mine from him. . . ."

Less than a week after this letter was written, James was dead. News of the preparations his brother was making to receive him would not reach the homestead until he was in his grave. A fragment of a letter from his brother George, dated October 12th,

1739, tells of the reception of the sad tidings, in, surely, very beautiful words :—

"I must own I have been very much afflicted for the loss of brother Jamie. But the many accounts I have from all hands of his extraordinary piety and goodness, in every respect, give me great satisfaction, and leave me no more room to doubt of his eternal happiness than of the truth of anything which I do not at present see with mine eyes. Had the king of his country desired his presence at court, in order to have preferred him to some eminent place or other, we should, all of us, have been ready and willing to have parted with him.

"And if his great Father and Master in Heaven, the Author of his being, seeing him fit for His service, calls for him to prepare him for eternal mansions of joy, shall we lament for his departure? We must have parted sometime, and perhaps he never would have been so well fitted to leave this bewitching world as now. Providence seems to have been particularly solicitous about preventing his coming to Oxford, and perhaps, by that, has prevented his ruin.

"The best minds are liable to be corrupted. Oxford is a place full of temptations; evil habits, once contracted, often descend with us to the grave. And not for his sake only, but ours too, has this happened, no doubt that our hearts might be raised to a greater degree of piety and virtue.

"While things go on calm and easy, we are apt to be too regardless of that kind hand which bestows these blessings. But affliction seems to be the great friend and nourisher of virtue. God grant that we may make use of every admonition, while admonitions can be of service!

"I have sent you some clothes in a box by the carrier, and Bishop Taylor's 'Contemplations on the State of Man,' which I think an exceeding good book, only it might have been of more general use if some pieces of history had been left out. There are also some Latin poems of the late Mr. Addison's, which you may let Mr. William Fawcett have."

There were many families of Fawcetts in the dale, some spelling their name with one *t*, some with two. But as the name in this letter is spelt the same way as his mother's, whose father, Richard Fawcett, built the bridge spanning the river to this day at Coldbeck, where previously there was only a ford, it is probable that the recipient of Mr. Addison's poems was a relative.

The frequent and substantial help George gave to his family is shown by the following letter :—

"Queen's, Oxford, March 20th, 1740.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"As brother Harry undertakes to be the bearer of this letter, and will, I hope, deliver it himself, with my duty, into your hands, I need not enlarge on

the state in which your two sons here, by God's blessing, still continue to be, nor on our joy upon hearing that you are all well.

"By directions I have given to Mr. Watson, and to your good neighbour, James Richardson, I am in hopes Harry will receive so much money on my account as to leave with you £40, and, if so, I would desire £25 of it, to be considered as lent you, and that, together with £75 which I have lent before, at different times, will make you indebted to me the even sum of £100, which, if it please God to prolong my life, I shall hope, and think myself justly entitled to receive back one time or another. The other £15 I hope I may safely give you without defrauding any other person, and shall therefore expect no other return than my dear father and mother's kind acceptance. And I shall have great pleasure in hearing that the whole £40 is of service. I am very glad to find my last hasty sermon approved of. I have sent two parcels done up in one, for you, and brother Richard to distribute as directed. . . ."

"Queen's, Oxford, July 14th, 1741.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"After nineteen years' absence (as I may call it in a manner) from Lockholme, and residence in Queen's College, I do not find but it gives me the same pleasure as it did at first, to hear of the health and welfare of my father and mother, and of all the

families to which I am most nearly allied. I am sorry indeed for poor Joseph's indisposition, but hope he may do well again, and that the running in his thigh will prove a beneficial discharge of ill-humour, occasioned by the chills and stoppage of perspiration, in the late cold winter.

"After so many years' care and hard labour, which both of you have gone through for us your children, it is not to be wondered at that you become less capable of fatigue, and God forbid that any of us should grudge to contribute in the several methods put in to our power, towards making bodily labour less necessary for your support. To have it in my power to make the latter part of your lives easy and comfortable, is one of those temporal blessings that I think I should most wish for. We are, all of us, unspeakably obliged to you for that virtuous and religious education you have given us. I'm sensible you may expect I should send some token of my duty this summer; and particularly something to clear off the charge of an assistant to my dear brother William; and could I think of any person in your neighbourhood, whom I could at this time make free with, I would draw a bill. However I will not forget it, and hope it will not be long before I meet with an opportunity.

"I did not think you had had so many votes in Rossendale, and am very glad you gave Mr. Wilson so much assistance. I fear it may be vanity in me to suppose, that any of our neighbours were the more

inclined to serve him on my account, but if they were, they are entitled to my thanks.

"There are no more numbers of the *Weekly Miscellany* published, which you may inform Mr. Rycroft of with my service. I have at last got the whole of what remained due to Mr. Steadman, from Mr. Atkinson, and part of what was due from Mr. Collinson; of which I intend, as soon as I can get a little breathing time, to give Mr. Monkhouse an account by letter, and in the meanwhile you will, when you see him, let him know this much, with my kind respects and service."

"Queen's, Oxford, March 19th, 174½.

"DEAR PARENTS,

". . . The circumstances of brother Richard's sanguine undertaking make me a good deal apprehensive for the issue. I am, however, glad the little I have helped him with (which was indeed more than I could well spare) is well-pleasing to you, I hope he will not rely upon me, or go forward, as if he did, for more than my own credit will allow; nor expect that I should endeavour to support his credit by breaking my own.

"I hope you have mentioned to Mr. Monkhouse what I some time ago desired, because I have not yet answered his letter. If I should be able to pay my duty to you, the latter end of this summer, perhaps Dr. S.'s relations may chuse that I should reckon

with them then, or if there is any one of them to whom 4 or 5 pounds will be serviceable, I will contrive to get it paid by some person in the neighbourhood.

"Brother Harry will have informed you of his intention to remove from the family (in which he, poor man, has been very uneasy for some time) at Lady Day. I heartily wish he may remove for the better. But this is a strange world we sojourn in. . . ."

Richard's "sanguine undertaking," here referred to, was his tenancy of Wharton Hall, whither he removed from Crossbank, this same year, 1741. His more prudent elder brother evidently viewed the venture with disfavour from the beginning. But on June 9th, 1742, a very kindly letter comes from him.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I received your very kind letter, and most affectionately wish you joy, success, and comfort in the situation you are now lately entered upon. At the same time, if your spring, and this far of summer have been as dry and parching as with us here, I cannot but be very apprehensive it must be a very trying season at your first setting out. Brother Harry, who lately removed to Bath from Kelston, where he had for some time been not very easy, was very well, when we heard from him lately, and seems to be much pleased with his change, tho' he is still in a state of confinement.

"Brother Thomas hopes to be in Deacon's orders on Sunday next, and to take his Master's Degree soon after, and is very well. And as to myself, I enjoy as much health as my constitution and confinement will allow me to hope for, and in other respects continue in great measure in the same situation as for some years past.

"When you next see our dear father and mother at Lockholme, pray give brother Thomas' duty and mine, as also our love to our sister Sarah, and our brothers. If the pieces Mr. Rycroft wants are to be had, I will endeavour to procure them against Mr. Ritson's next journey; in the meantime I desire to be kindly remembered to him. . . ."

Mr. Rycroft was the vicar of Kirkby Stephen, the nearest town to Ravenstonedale. His monument still stands in the churchyard there, erected first in memory of his wife, who seems to have been considerably his senior. It bears the following quaint inscription :—

"Near this place lie enterred the remains of ALICE, the wife of the Rev. HENRY RYCROFT, M.A., Vicar of this Parish, who departed this Life the last day of March, 1743, in the 56th year of her age. Her prayers and her alms are gone up for a memorial before God.—Acts x. 4.

"Since we must part, my dearer self, Adieu!
For ever? No! for we shall meet again
In realms of joy, which never sorrow knew,
And live like Angels, tho' we die like men.

"Here, also, lyes the body of the said HENRY RYCROFT, M.A., who died the 15th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1746, aged 45.

"Meliora Spero."

WHARTON HALL.

During the long vacation of 1742, George seems to have paid another visit to Lockholme, the following letter being written on his return to Oxford :—

"Queen's, Oxford, October 1st, 1742.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"I think it my duty to take this early opportunity to return my hearty thanks for your great care of me, and goodness to me when at Lockholme, and to acquaint you that yesterday, being Thursday, in the afternoon, about 3 o'clock, I arrived safe and well at this place, after a very agreeable journey, and without any one cross accident, and, what greatly added to my comfort, I found brother Thomas, and all my friends and pupils well. After my dear brother and I parted, I got safe, and in good time to Kendal, and took a bed at Mr. Mackreth's. Next morning I went to Mr. Wilson's, where I was very kindly received at dinner, and Mr. Archdeacon being expected in the evening, I stayed all night, and had the pleasure of seeing him, and Mr. Head. Next day, I dined with Mr. Hutton, at Whittington, and arrived safe at Lancaster in the evening about a quarter of an hour after Mr. Harrison, whom I found expecting me.

"We easily reached Mr. Blackburne's, near Warrington, before Saturday noon, and stayed till Monday morning. We found the two young gentlemen very well, and were very kindly entertained by their truly worthy father. The roads were exceeding

good, and the weather pleasant till Monday night, when there fell a good deal of rain, and a pretty heavy shower on Tuesday afternoon, which, however, did not hurt us.

"There was a hard rain on Wednesday night, and some part of Thursday morning, which prevented our getting to Oxford before dinner as we had otherwise proposed. Our horses all performed very well.

"This particular detail of circumstances, perhaps, will not be tedious, and therefore I will make no apology for it. And now, I ought not to conclude without making my grateful acknowledgments to all my dear relations, and kind neighbours, and friends for their great civilities to me, and for the great trouble they so obligingly allowed me to put them to. . . . I shall be very glad to hear of all your healths and welfare, both at Lockholme and Wharton, and (if you will excuse my freedom), a hint how you have adjusted the affairs we had some talk about will be very thankfully received by me."

The affairs on which George desired further information were probably relating to Richard's occupation of Wharton Hall, as he continued to live there for some time longer. But, if so, there is no further allusion to the matter in George's next letter.

"Queen's, Oxford, March 2nd, 174$\frac{3}{4}$.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"It gives a relish, not easy to be described, to that health, and those other comforts of life, which

a gracious Providence is pleased still to continue to us here, to receive the agreeable news that the two families to which we stand so nearly related, and especially that you, our loving father and mother, are so well.

"It is, indeed, some abatement to our joy to hear that brother Joseph has been somewhat indisposed by a return of his former ailments, however, as you seem to think he will not receive much harm from them, we are willing to hope the best.

"Mr. Seed, a late worthy member of our society, and to whom I was much obliged for his friendship, having lately published two volumes of sermons by subscription, I subscribed for half a dozen, and design to send you and Richard each a set of them. With that for you, I shall send, in the same parcel, Warren's answer to Hoadley's book upon the Sacrement, which I in some measure promised George Perkins I would get him a sight of. There were a great many other answers came out about the same time, and some of them I thought in rather better manner of writing, but this considered the book most largely and fully. I should have been glad to have heard what entertainment the books I left with you, gave to those that read them this winter, and particularly what Michael Knewstubb thought of Derham.

"I have been so much hurried all this winter, that I must confess I have not yet got leisure to write over the sermon which Mr. Anthony Fothergill desired,

which I am really sorry for; and since I find he continues to desire it, I hope I shall not fail by Midsummer, to get it ready, and send it for his perusal.

"I find Mr. Henry's exposition makes five very large volumes in folio, and is not to be had for less than so many pounds, which I believe you will think too great a sum to lay out upon them as yet.

"We have very little news. Things go on with my brother and myself much as they have for some time done, only, with all the pains I take, I think the more money I acquire a right to, the less I have the command and disposal of; and find more and more difficulty in raising the sums necessary to support my credit by paying off bills in a reasonable time. How long this may continue God only knows. My great wish is that I may injure nobody, and that, however this world may go, I may secure the One thing needful."

The Mr. Seed whose sermons are mentioned in this letter was an able English divine, a Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, and the author of several volumes of excellent sermons. He died in 1747. Sermons were a very favourite kind of literature at that time, varied occasionally by a book of devotion, like that mentioned by Hoadley, who was probably a noted member, in his day, of the University of Cambridge, and for six years held the See of Bangor,

which he never visited, and who was in succession translated to the bishoprics of Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester. He seems to have been equally lax in the performance of his duties at all these places, and died in 1761, at the age of eighty-five. Derham, whom Michael Knewstubb appeared to favour, was a very different kind of person. He was as much beloved for his parochial ministrations as he was eminent for his scientific attainments. He received the degree of D.D. from the University of Oxford, "Ob libros ab ipso editas quibus physicam et mathesin auctiorem reddidit et ad religionem veram que fidem exornaudam revocavit." An equally learned man, in his own line, was Matthew Henry, born 1662, died 1714, whose Commentary on the Bible was long a standard work. He was a Dissenting minister, who spent his preaching days between Chester and Hackney. His learning and industry were great, and he had reached the Epistle to the Romans in his great work when death claimed him. He left behind him a reputation for consistent piety and religious zeal, combined with a sober judgment.

"Queen's, Oxford, October 14th, 1744.

"DEAR BROTHER RICHARD,

"You will easily believe I was glad to find, from your kind letter by Master Ritson, that you are all well at Wharton, and that things go forward with you as well as can be expected. Having, immediately

on my arrival, sent our parents an account of my journey, I have little to add but my sincere thanks to you and my dear sister for the trouble you allowed me to put you to, to say nothing of the charge of entertaining me and my friends at Wharton in so ample a manner as you did. I shall be glad to hear from you, with as much news and as often as you well can.

"You mention nothing how Anthony Fothergill (of Brownber) received my letter, or what he said to it. I have been so hurried since I got hither as not to have time to do what I hinted to him, but will still endeavour, if you guess it will probably be satisfactory.

"Since I began this letter I have had the pleasure of receiving one from brother Harry, who is very well. Honest man! He tells me he had been in great want of advice for a day and a half, having, without application, had the offer of a living of £80 a year, but upon such terms as were not eligible enough to determine him immediately to accept it, and he was not allowed time to send for advice from his relations. In short, the result of his own deliberations on consulting the family he is now in, which he likes, and who are very unwilling to part with him, he declined the offer as handsomely as he could; and, upon considering all the circumstances, brother Thomas and I think he judged right. One material circumstance was that the patron, having three sons (whom, by the

way, Harry was to have instructed for a consideration not specify'd), told him that if any of his sons should hereafter take orders, he (our brother) was to resign the living to him.

"We can see but a very little way before us, in order to judge and choose the best we can, and leave the issue to Providence. That we may all make the right choice in regard to the one thing needful, is the hearty wish and prayer of your . . ."

From this time, letters from the other brothers, as well as from George, seem to have been preserved. Richard's are especially original and amusing. The first one to be given is a fragment without address or superscription, but most probably written to his brother George, at Oxford :—

"June 17th, 1745.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"On Sunday last but one I received your kind letter, and cannot think I have much to alter in the accounts I gave you in my last. As to the affair at Clifton, I had (before I wrote) heard of thirty or forty carcases of the Highlanders being found in the river Lowther, and in the hedges adjacent; but as the river was at some distance from the place of action, and the retreat of the Rebels very precipitate, I gave no credit to it. I did not think it worth while to mention it to you, and have since made some inquiry

of the neighbourhood, who tell me there is not the least truth in it.

"There were, indeed, betwixt 70 and 80 prisoners gleaned up about Penrith, but I could not think their being taken was much owing to that little action at Clifton, but to the greatness of their fatigue, occasioned by the rapidity of their flight.

"What made me give the more into this opinion was the sorriness of the prisoners. I saw the poor wretches brought into Appleby, little, ill-looking creatures, their heads and feet quite bare, and the most wretched rags on the rest of their bodies, far from sufficient to cover them; their arms were close to their sides, and they bound two and two together.

"Pricked along by their drivers, scoffed and hooted at by the rabble which ran in multitudes about them, their feet all wreathed with clods of mire, mixed with blood; ready to faint with hunger, and the horror of their condition, and some of them, seemingly, much older than my father.

"Notwithstanding the greatness of their crime, of which I have the greatest abhorrence, yet I could not help pitying the poor unhappy wretches. Never before did I see human nature move onwards under such a load of wretchedness. . . ." The rest is missing.

Clifton Moor, where the fighting mentioned in this letter took place, was the spot where the van of the Duke of Cumberland's army came up with the rear

of the Pretender's troops in their retreat towards Scotland. Charles himself does not appear to have been present, as he did not land in Scotland, according to some authorities, until August 2nd, 1745. But a short skirmish seems to have taken place, both sides claiming the victory. From the narrative of Lord George Murray, we gather that the Highlanders, who numbered about one thousand, brought up the rear of Prince Charles Edward's army, and had reached the Clifton enclosure when they observed five hundred of the duke's dismounted dragoons close upon them. The Scots were placed in position, and at the cry of the word "Claymore!" they rushed upon the dragoons, sword in hand. Several were killed on both sides; but very contradictory accounts of the respective losses were published at the time. The first news stated the loss of the dragoons to be forty killed, and six men and four officers wounded; whilst the loss of the Rebels could not be ascertained, as they had carried their dead away, or thrown them into the river (Lowther). Subsequent accounts reduced the duke's loss to a dozen men. The Highlanders appear to have had the advantage, as neither that night nor next day did the English follow up the pursuit of the retreating enemy across the open wastes of Inglewood Forest. Clifton, where the skirmish took place, is three or four miles from Penrith. It is evident that at this time the Hanoverian dynasty was not by any means firmly seated on the throne.

The Fothergills of Ravenstonedale

The annual fair in Ravenstonedale was held on the first Thursday after Whitsuntide at the bottom of the village. It was known as the "Town Fair," and though blankets and other such things were sold there, it was mostly given up to pleasure. Thomas's letter referring to it must, therefore, have been written in May or June, and, as he went to college in 1734, and speaks of not having been present at the merrymaking for ten years, the year was probably 1745.

"I heartily wish myself at Lowcum now. I suppose Sarah and you are just getting ready to go to our yearly feast there, ten of which have now passed away unseen by me. How happy used those days to be! What delight it was to see twenty new [illegible] in our house, to have pins given, eat hot pie, and hear my father read concerning eclipses! There come no such days now! We are all very well, both here and at Bath. I desire my duty to our dear parents at Luccum, who are now left, I find, just as they began the world. I hope you'll go over and see them as often as you can. Methinks these winter evenings must seem long and melancholy, far beyond what they were when they could see eight or nine of us sitting round the fire. . . ."

The game of pins, here mentioned, was a very favourite one with the children of Ravenstonedale. A small box, or anything that would stand about six

inches high, was placed on a table, and a key laid upon it, with the ring projecting over the edge. The children had each so many pins given, and dropped one, in turn, head first, through the ring of the key. Sometimes the pins fell alongside the pins already dropped through, sometimes they fell across them, in which case the lucky player won all the pins already dropped through. A hat was sometimes used instead of a box.

No letters of the year 1746 remain, but a fragment exists written by George, on July 14th, 1747, telling of a coming change to one of his brothers. "A gracious Providence has dealt very kindly with us all, and has now lately disposed the heart of a very worthy Bishop (from whom, a few months ago, we could not have had the least expectation) to give brother Harry a very comfortable settlement, as far as anything in this world can be called a settlement."

This somewhat enigmatical communication refers to Henry Fothergill's appointment to the living of Cheriton Bishop, Devon, by Bishop Lavington. The living appears to be worth now from four to five hundred a year. Henry's marriage followed two years afterwards, but the first hint of its possibility is given in a letter to Richard, written soon after he had arrived at Cheriton. It makes quite a romantic story.

"Cheriton Bishop, Nov. 9th, 1747.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I have lately received a kind letter from my brother Thomas, wherein he informs me, to my great satisfaction, that you are all well, both at Lockholme and Wharton Hall; and wherein he has also been so kind as to transcribe a good part of your letter to him, that part of it, I mean, which gives a lively and ingenious description of the scene between you, N. Holmes, and J. Rich, Sen. I can see and hear the whole conversation, as I have had several opportunities of being well acquainted with Trophemus. And I do think that you have uncommon talent in describing the humours of mankind.

"I set out from Bath on Thursday after Michaelmas Day, where I had lived between five and six years. I had the satisfaction of thinking that I was pretty well liked, and that I left a fair character behind me. The morning before I left Bath, in going to the chapel, I met the person whom you made some inquiry about in your last letter.

"She looked heavy, said she was much out of order, inquired if I went away to-morrow, and a great many trifling questions about Cheriton; said she had some friends in that county; asked me if I should not want company, as I had been used to live in Bath so long, &c., &c., and, in conclusion, desired me to come to her house before I went away. I promised her I would, and in the evening I drank tea with her and her

two aunts. All the conversation turned upon the place I was going to, what a dismal time I should have in living by myself, &c. We parted good friends, the aunt telling me, 'You must go and get your house in order, and then we shall see you again.'

"The Saturday after this, I paid my duty to my Lord Bishop of Exeter, who received and entertained me at his Palace with great benevolence.

"I am since got into the Parsonage House, which is a good, convenient, comfortable habitation, about as far from church as the middle of Kilm Green is from Rossendale church. I am now, God be praised, entirely independent, and have, what I have often wished for, time enough for study.

"We have not got a gentleman in the parish, which makes the rector a man of much more consequence than he otherwise would be. The parish is of great extent, but there is no town or village belonging to it, unless seven or eight houses which are near the church may be called so.

"All the rest of the parish are single houses, situated upon the estates that belong to them, as the house at Crossbank is, or our house at Lockholme. The parish is five miles long, and a considerable breadth. As far as I can judge, 'tis longer than Rossendale parish—I mean that part of Rossendale that is cultivated.

"The church is a beautiful, good building, well seated, and without any doors to the seats, which

was done by direction of Mr. Calamy, who was a worthy man, and son of Mr. Calamy, the eminent Presbyterian.

"We have not a Dissenter in the parish, and the people seem to come well to church. But, notwithstanding this, I fear they think more of this world than the next.

"By this time, I daresay, you are heartily tired with reading, but I'll fill up my page. The country all about is hilly, and, as far as I can see, not fertile by nature; but it produces good crops of corn of all kinds, which seem to be a good deal owing to the labour of the husbandmen, who, indeed, work much harder than they do about Rossendale.

"The glebe land is a pretty estate, consisting of eight and forty acres lying commodiously about the Parsonage house, well hedged in, so as to make eleven or twelve enclosures, or closes, besides two orchards, gardens, &c., &c.

"This morning, as I was writing what goes before, I received a long letter from the person I named to you. 'Tis a friendly, sensible, religious, well-wishing letter, but she thinks herself (or pretends to think herself) unable to manage a family, is as happy as she can be on this side heaven; says she has always thought of a single life, and yet her determination is at present unalterable, and a great deal more in this strain, that I do not know how I am to understand. But, after all, as some of her relations from self-interest

must dissuade her from the match, I am apt to think that she will not have an objection to marry. And therefore I desire you will not tell anything of this affair to anybody. I desire my hearty love and affection to all my dear relations, and am extremely glad to hear that my father is so well recovered. I hope we shall live to see one another again. . . ."

The two Calamy's referred to by Henry, in his description of his parish, were both rather remarkable men. The father, Edmund—born 1600, died 1666—was a clergyman of the Church of England, who remonstrated against the murder of King Charles, and dared to withstand Cromwell's usurpation to his face. But when an order was issued by Bishop Wren to the clergy of his diocese, that they were to observe the rules of the Church, and of the proclamation called the "Book of Sports," releasing them from the puritanical observance of Sunday, he became a bitter Nonconformist, and acted as one of the representatives of the Presbyterians at the Savoy Conference. His son, Benjamin, however, who survived his father twenty years, was an eminent and loyal minister of the Church of England, zealous in his endeavours to gain over the Dissenters, and, by his real goodness, winning the affection of men of all parties. He was evidently, for some part of his life, rector of Cheriton Bishop, and most likely had restored the church after the king's restoration.

There seems some little doubt whether the foregoing letter was written in November, 1747, or 1749. But, as Henry begins it by saying that he "set out from Bath, where I have lived between five and six years," and as he went from Kelston to that city in 1742, it is more likely the earlier date is correct. If so, his courtship of the heiress, Miss Sheyler, or rather, perhaps we might say of the young clergyman by the heiress, must have gone on, with various ups and downs, for about two years—rather a trying experience for a wooer of thirty-seven. But Henry Fothergill was evidently a man of parts, and quick to accept experienced advice where the lady was concerned, as the following letter shows :—

"Cheriton Bishop, March 1st, 1749.

"DEAR BROTHER [RICHARD],

"I thank you for your excellent letter. Nothing could make it more excellent but the omission of some apologies while I am reading it. I cannot help thinking that you have borrowed some of that modishness and diffidence, which you approve so much in our good brother George. For 'tis hard to approve anything of another person, and not imitate it. But, notwithstanding your opinion of our brother, that he seems to resign his own judgment to the judgment of anybody he happens to meet with, Tommy always says, 'George will have his own way, do what one can.' And notwithstanding Richy seems

very diffident of the goodness of his letters, Harry is of opinion that, at the bottom, he must be conscious of their excellence.

"But though I allow your letters to be excellent, yet I cannot think that either Sarah, or you, know anything at all of the art of courting. You write well, I confess, but you neither of you know anything of love. About two years ago I happened to be at the Tavern with an old dancing-master,—an eminent man in his way. A man who, in his time, has had twenty times more experience in love affairs than twenty such folks as Sarah, and you, and I all put together. This aged, experienced gentleman, hearing one of the company talking to me of Miss S., addressed himself to me in words to this purpose: 'Hark you! Mr. F., if you can get Miss S. it will do very well for you. She was my scholar five or six years; she is a very good-natured, good girl, and there's a good fortune. But, let me give you one piece of advice (I have had more experience, and know more of love affairs than you), whatever you do, do not be too forward. I say, do not be too forward. For, to my knowledge, more women are lost by the man's being too forward, than any other thing under the sun. A woman will contrive a thousand ways to get a man of her own choosing. But you may depend upon it, she'll always despise a man when she sees she can have him without any difficulty. Let me, then, give you this piece of advice—Whatever you do, don't be too forward.

"'Let her alone till she's in the cue,
And if you don't ask her, she'll ask you.'

"I saw the old gentleman was in earnest, and followed his advice a long time with great exactness. At last, when I thought it was become necessary for me to say something, I talked some ramble-scramble stuff of love and marriage, and I know not what. She, as you will imagine, was strangely surprised, wondered how I could think that ever she would entertain a thought of altering her condition. 'You see I have everything I could wish for in this world,—I am perfectly happy as I am. . . . I wonder how you can think I could be so happy in any other state as you see I am at present.' To which I made this gallant, amourous reply: 'God forbid, madam, I should be the cause of your unhappiness. If you sincerely think you are happier as you are, than you could be with me, I have nothing more to say.' A long silence ensued. All your fine, set, studied speeches knocked on the head, and I have heard very little since of the happiness of her present state.

"I have given you this long account, partly with a view to entertain my sister Sarah, who, I know, will be pleased to her heart to hear how briskly I have courted, and partly with a view to instruct my brother Joseph how he must proceed. 'Be not too forward.'

"Since I wrote last, I have spent a fortnight at Bath, where I was entertained among my friends in as kind and friendly a manner almost as I used to be at

Lockholme and Wharton Hall. We have agreed upon everything that I know of, but the time of marriage, which, I suppose, may perhaps be some time between Easter and Whitsuntide. But, if she chooses to stay longer, till Midsummer or Lammastide, why certainly the woman, before marriage at least, ought to have her own mind. It would be rude in me to force a woman to marry sooner than she has an inclination. But I dare say you are tired with reading all this nonsense. I am sure I am with writing it.

"Pray do not say anything of this foolish letter to anybody but Sarah, Willy, and Joseph, for fear of any miscarriage by my own forwardness. At present, I am very busy in getting my house fitted up for a larger family than has been in it of late. Pray write as soon as you have time. If I had received your letter before I went to Bath, I believe I should have fixed the wedding-day, but, I trust everything will be well. I am promised it shall be between Easter and Whitsuntide. I hope you will excuse my writing so much about myself, because, here, I have nothing else that I can write about. If it be God's good will and pleasure, I heartily wish you a son."

"Little Sarah" must have been the baby then expected, so that, as there is no mention of her in the correspondence after the following year, she could have been only a few months old at the time of her death. Henry's marriage must have taken place about the

date he anticipated, though the precise day is unknown, for, in August, Richard writes to convey the family congratulations, and tell him how they had celebrated the occasion at Lockholme.

"Wharton Hall, August 18th, 1749.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I hope by this time you are pretty well settled again at Cheriton Bishop, and will now be at leisure to receive the sincere and heartfelt congratulations of the most affectionate of brothers. I heartily wish you and my dear sister joy,—a joy equal to your most sanguine expectations, all the joy that the married state can yield, which I verily believe is more than any other state can, and as much, perhaps, as is safe for human nature to be entrusted with. There are indeed a great many ingredients necessary to make this state happy, such as religion, good sense, good nature, a competency, and the like. But, as I know you to be possessed of all these in a very eminent degree, and as both brother George and Thomas tell me they are informed from all quarters that my sister is a very prudent, regular, and religious young woman, I do not doubt but, by the blessing of God, you will be very happy, and I pray God, make you so in and with each other.

"After the hurry of haymaking was mostly over, we met at Lockholme to a sort of re-solemnizing your nuptials. The company consisted of our dear parents,

brother William, and Joseph, Sarah, little Harry [William's son], and myself. After dinner was over we drank my dear sister's health, then yours, then success to both, then brother George's, and so on, till we had not a brother, scarce a relation left, to give a pretence for any more drinking.

"We laughed and talked with the greatest freedom and cheerfulness. The words, 'brother Henry,' were often scraping on two or three tongues at once, and, indeed, never were seven people brought together that were better pleased with one another or with the occasion of their meeting. We talked down a summer's sun, and at last parted with great reluctancy.

"I remember it used formerly to be a complaint that you were in a strange country, without any one relation to converse with, and could, much seldomer than you wished for, come by a letter from your native place, you partly lamented the fewness and remissness of your correspondents. But courage, dear brother! I see the reason for such a complaint will now entirely cease. You'll have no vacant hours to call upon you for such little amusements, those that used to be such will now all be filled up with the charming conversation of an agreeable, virtuous consort. Besides, since you now have commenced a great, that is, a rich man (for you before had all the other qualifications of greatness), you'll no doubt find that the number of your correspondents will almost daily increase.

"I think I told you in my last that brother Joseph had been visited with a very severe fit of rheumatism. He was taken with it on a journey, and lay near a fortnight at Whitehaven in very great affliction, the latter week of which I had the satisfaction to see him well taken care of, and to bear a part with my brother William in conducting him home again. At Whitehaven I called upon your old friend and schoolfellow, Mr. Sewel.

"He presented me to his wife with some caution, as a person he had formerly been acquainted with. She is a very genteel, majestic, elderly sort of a gentlewoman, has lived a good part of her time in London, where she was formerly married to a Doctor of Divinity, has read much, talks much, and, as Mat Prior says—

"'. . . can run you on
Quite down from Seneca to Bunyan.'

"However, some scraps of Mr. Addison's criticism on Milton's 'Paradise Lost,' two or three lines out of Mr. Pope's 'Essay on Man,' and some observations on Dr. Young's short, crowded way of writing, enabled me for some time to go on pretty well. I found the last was her favourite author, and, very luckily for me, his 'Night Thoughts' were the last thing I had read. She seemed greatly surprised that a person brought up in so remote a part of the world, as she supposed I had been (for she supposed I had never been in London), should ever have heard the

names of such great authors. The esteem, or rather approbation, I met with from Mrs. Sewel, greatly endeared me to her husband. He now ventured to tell her I was one of his most intimate acquaintances, and from this time condescended to treat me almost on a level with himself. But not to dwell too much on the weak side of this really worthy couple, they are, I believe, in the highest reputation for piety and charity in their own parish. He is reckoned there one of the finest preachers of the age, and what they spare, after living very handsomely, tho' rather privately than otherwise, out of an income of £200 a year, is mostly applied to the relief of the poor, which in that neighbourhood are very numerous.

"Mr. Sewel, in the most affectionate manner, desired his compliments to you. Since I began this I received your very kind and obliging letter, and you will easily believe I was extremely glad to hear that all was well with you and my dear sister. Your time, I hope, will be agreeably divided betwixt the schools of polite company at Bath and the calm, silent, easy, rural retreat of Cheriton Bishop.

"Our dear parents are, blessed be God, in good health, and, their age considered, in fine spirits. They, and indeed all of us, have been greatly refreshed by a kind letter from brother George. All is well with the whole family, only the distemper amongst cattle is so near us as to confound all trade among them,

to the great damage of all, and the ruin of some graziers in the country.

"Sarah gives her kind love and service to her dear sister, and tells me she must be a lady of excellent judgment, having, she is persuaded, made choice of the best man in the world for a husband, always excepting his brother, that is something more than two years older than he. . . ."

Henry's answer to this long epistle is dated from Bath, November 15th, 1749 :—

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I am greatly obliged to you for your very ingenious letter, which I received some time ago at Cheriton, and read over several times with uncommon pleasure. I do not know that I ever told you so much, but I have long thought with myself, and often said to others, particularly to our two brothers at Oxford, that you paint extremely well—I mean that you greatly excel in that kind of writing which represents to the imagination either the persons or manners of others. Of this kind were your representations of J. R. and Ned Holmes, in a letter to brother Thomas, and of that kind was your description of Mrs. Sewel, and the manner in which you were received at Whitehaven. I saw the whole scene, and thought that anything uncommon must make a stronger impression upon you, than it does upon ordinary men. My

brother George, who, as Dr. Shaw says, is an uncommon man, made us a kind visit at Cheriton. He related to me at large your management of Mr. Burn, which gave me great satisfaction, as I never heard one word of it before.

"Mr. Crossfield, who was the most intimate friend Mr. B. ever had in college, told me sometime after they had both left the university, that he had no correspondence with him now, . . . and that he never would have anything more to do with him.

"Our brother George, so far as I could discern, was well pleased with my choice of a wife, as I have the greatest reason in the world to be, for she is, without exception, as good-natured a woman as I ever knew, and her fortune, I believe, was the best this city has produced for many years.

"We came to Bath about a week ago, and all our old friends in general, seemed pleased to see us return to them. Notwithstanding our neighbours in Devonshire were extremely civil and obliging to us, yet, I cannot help thinking, that if a person behaves tolerably well in life, he had better stay among his old acquaintances (if he has nothing to consult but his own satisfaction) than remove into a country where he is not known. I make no question but you had rather be in Rossendale, or Kirkby Stephen, than at Whitehaven. The reason is, because you are better known, and consequently more esteemed in the two former places.

"Cheriton lies in a very healthful, plentiful country,

and my good wife seems to like it very well considering that she had been born, and always used to live in Bath. But I could observe, that when we had hired a coach, and fixed upon a day for setting out to Bath, her countenance brightened, and she was merrier than usual.

"She had an ugly fall by walking upon some slippery stones, which we imagined did her hurt, but we are very unexperienced folk.

"I beg my compliments to the worthy and ingenious Mr. Yates, for whom I shall always entertain the highest esteem. His very obliging, congratulatory letter has laid upon my conscience a great while, but as soon as I can get a frank, I'll throw off the load. My dear wife desires her love to you, and her sister, and to all her relations.

"I beg my duty to our dear parents. I wrote to them since my brother George returned from Cheriton to Oxford. I desire the favour of a letter, either from my father or you, as soon as you have time to write, and please direct to me, In the Square, Bath, . . ."

Thus much for this little episode, from which we may return to the correspondence between George and Richard, evidently the two chief letter-writers of the family. It seems certain that George had viewed his brother's adventure at Wharton Hall with much concern, and, though Richard, being a sanguine man, always puts the best complexion on his doings, yet the

former never appears to be satisfied that it was a wise step to take such a large farm. The sequel proved him right, in spite of Richard's cheerful optimism. He writes from Wharton Hall, on February 25th, 174$\frac{7}{8}$:—

"I write at this time rather out of custom than for the sake of anything material I have to communicate. I believe you are a letter already in my debt, and I have gnawn my nails these two hours to the quick almost, and am now begun with the end of my pen to try if I can get any matter to furnish out a letter, but it will not come, all my efforts are hitherto in vain.

"Well then, to begin—as most of us country folk begin—with the weather. This whole month has been nothing but one continued storm. By storm we mean here hard frosts, and do not, like you, hurl thunders, and lightenings, and winds that would tear our chimney-pots off, into our storms. Less here will content us for a storm, less than this, I am sure, has been the occasion of a vast consumption in our hay, and, if it continues much longer, will be attended with as direful consequences as one of yours.

"We have a great number of sheep, fourteen fat cows, seven horses, and about twenty other black cattle, that are not fit for fatt, all to be supported by hay. Beef is but at three halfpence or seven farthings a pound, sell them quick [alive] I cannot, to kill them will not make anything out. Fother far spent, and

the storm unbroke—these are the circumstances that look a man very greatly in the face. Well! I can see no better way than to wait with patience, husband the hay nicely that's left, watch all opportunities of selling out fatt, and trust the event entirely to Providence, who maketh the storm obey His word.

"It has been but a sickly time here this winter. Abundance of people have been in what are called colds, and many of the weaker sort have died of them in less than a week after they begun. But, God be thanked! I think your relations here have escaped pretty well. It is now six years since Sarah and I engaged in this great farm, and I suppose there have not been, by all accounts, six worse years since the creation. But, by God's blessing, I hope things will at last turn out pretty well, that I shall be able to quit myself honourably in all my engagements. . . ."

The next letter preserved from George is evidently in reply to one from his parents which has not come down to us, but its tenor points to his having been ill, though the writer never says much about his own health, which was never, apparently, very good.

"Queen's, Oxford, December 19th, 1748.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"In answer to your comforting letter of the 10th instant, I am once more enabled, by that good Providence, which is so precious to us all, to inform

you that Thomas and I are both very well, as was Harry, when we last heard from him, and you will believe me, when I add not a little enjoyed to hear that you, and all that are near to us, are still not only spared in life, but blessed with health.

"As to the Brough Hill affair that you hint at, it has given me a great deal of concern, not so much on account of the expense, as the abatement of character which I should fear my two young kinsmen must suffer on the occasion. If their credit and characters are but preserved, I hope a little smart in the way of expense may be a warning how they meddle with such low work, even in the way of frolic, for their whole lives after.

"I have often thought that even conscientious men in your part of the world (perhaps in all parts) allow themselves greater liberties than they should do, in the business of driving bargains or making exchanges. Surely, over-reaching, or taking advantage of a neighbour's want of skill, &c., cannot be right. But to have done with this for the present, we have very little news here. Our countrymen, whom you know, are all well. The trial of the Vice-Chancellor, which you inquire about, as mentioned in your newspapers, was to have come on, as I remember, the latter end of last month, but was put off till sometime in February. The fault, as I apprehend, charged against him, is the not having done his duty as a Justice of the peace, with regard to the three young men who have been tried for

treasonable expressions &c., towards whom the Vice-Chancellor was thought to have shown too much forbearance.

"But, as to the real merits of the case, I am not qualified to give you a full account, even had I time to give so long a one as it would require. I am sorry that I missed seeing Mrs. Rotheran, but glad to hear she had better health, and courage to set about such a journey. She is very happy in her sons.

"When you write, be as particular as you can about the little ones [the grandchildren]. I often think of little Harry's prattling, because he was the youngest I believe, and do not forget my nieces.

"I shall be glad if the chocolate has agreed with you both. If it continues to do so, surely you should not want any such trifle as that.

"May you all enjoy a cheerful Christmas and Happy New Year, and may every return of the season be sanctified to every one of us whom Providence shall spare, and grant us all to be ready whenever we are called to our important account. I beg the continuance of your daily prayers, and with my kind love to my brothers and sister Sarah, and to all relations and neighbours, those particularly who meet, as I suppose, at Lockholme this day sēnnight, I remain. . . .

"P.S.—We shall long to hear how you all do, especially after the Sessions are over."

Though there have been many postscripts in the correspondence, this is the first instance of the letters P.S. being appended to them, and one is tempted to wonder whether the distinctive mark was a new departure at Oxford—a fashion only recently brought into use! The Sessions mentioned were, no doubt, held in connection with the peculiar court of Ravenstonedale, already described, and we know that November was one time of its sitting, as records remain of a court held on the 24th day of that month, in 1584, "y^e^ 26 year of the reign of our sovereign Queen Elizabeth," the names of the jurymen being still on record.

In 1749 George Fothergill took his D.D. degree. But the only reference to this in the correspondence is found in a tiny extract from a torn letter, dated December 12th, 1749:—

"As I remember when I was last at Lockholme you told me you had some thought I would take my Doctor's degree, which made me believe you would not disapprove of it, and accordingly, finding it was expected by some other persons, I did take it about a fortnight ago, tho' I would not have you speak of it, till you hear of it from other hands. I wish I may not be thought by some to have done a forward thing."

The following letter from Richard Fothergill, containing a quaint account of his family, was probably

written to George in the year 1750, as the last allusion to his daughter Sarah, in the correspondence, occurs on November 20th that same year :—

"I find myself strangely run on in arrears with you, and it certainly is with debts of writing, as with all others, the longer they are undischarged, the more unwilling, and for the most part, the more unable we are to discharge them. I have gone on so long without acknowledging your kind letter, &c., that it is with some difficulty I can prevail on myself to sit down and make any acknowledgment at all; and though I cannot conclude myself quite an ungrateful fellow, yet, as here does appear the strongest symptoms of it, there must be a fault somewhere, and, upon a little further reflection, I think it will be found at your door.

"You know there is a little pride in most men, which makes them hate to be so far outdone in anything they make the least pretension to. Now, your letters are so full of life, and spirit, and tenderness, that they are to me quite unanswerable; so I know no way, my dear brother, to keep up our correspondence, but that you must, for the future, make your letters less pleasing, that I may write the oftener, and with the greater ease.

"I was the other day at Lockholme, and, as I generally do, called on George Perkins to desire his company a little that evening. He complied, and I

do not remember ever to have passed a vacant hour with more pleasure, though I could bear no part in the conversation. My father and George soon fell into a very friendly chat, about men and things, which were no more, long before I had my being.

"Several stories were told of what happened in their youth, and they both (but especially my father), in the recital of them, seemed to catch a good deal of the life and spirit which at that time they had been possessed of. Some of my father's stories were of that antiquity as to take date when he was no more than eleven years old.

"What made this venerable living history the more agreeable, was its having none of that froth and obscenity which we but too frequently meet with in old men's recitals of their youthful frolics. Not a word escaped their lips but what was quite innocent and agreeable, and which conveyed a great deal of instruction along with it.

"You, who so kindly inquire after my daughters, will indulge the folly of a parent a little, while he describes their persons, and dispositions, as well as the little time and skill he has in characters will admit.

"They were drawn up principally for the amusement of my dear sister, to whom they have not the happiness of being known, desiring her, at the same time, to make a large allowance for the great partiality which must be expected in any description of the kind from a parent.

"Betsy, now in the twentieth year of her age, is, one would think, of a fretful, timerous spirit, sparing of words, careful of business, capable of learning, but, withal, excessively fond of her own way. For, notwithstanding her seeming fearfulness to offend, and her resignedness to other people's judgments, she rarely gives up anything, and when at any time she is obliged to do it, one may see it hurts her extremely. She's but a little slender body, affecting a neatness in dress. Her complexion fresh, and rather inclined to brown than fair, and though she at any time appears tolerably well, yet with much greater advantage by candlelight, than in the open sunshine.

"Nancy, now in the close of her seventeenth year, is of a disposition very different from that of her sister's, —frets at nothing, is afraid of nothing, very liberal of words, indifferent to business, gives up with ease all little disputes with her elder sister,—is a little taller than she, very blooming, more inclined to be fat than most of her age, cheerful, both in aspect and conversation, full of spirits; her face, if anything, too round, but always so much alive, as makes her pretty agreeable.

"Peggy seems as if she would be taller than either of her two sisters. She is very slender, very fair, her visage rather longish, her capacity good, but her constitution, at present, a little of the weakest.

"Sarah is a very pleasant little creature, but as to anything further, time must make the discovery."

"Wharton Hall, November 30th, 1750.

"DEAR BROTHER HENRY,

"Tho' I had many reasons for writing sooner, yet were these two against it which preponderated,—one was, I supposed you and my dear sister a good while since removed to Bath, and either never knew, or had forgot how to direct to you. The other was, I could say nothing new to you. I concluded brother Thomas would tell you everything of the affairs, both of Wharton Hall and Ravenstonedale, that were worth the hearing. If your own mind have not yet suggested to you the reasons on the other side, I shall not. It would be like putting weapons into the hand of an enemy, a piece of generosity I find myself no ways inclineable to put in practice.

"We have all been extremely happy in the enjoyment of brother Thomas's company. He showed himself, what I believe he really is, one of the most sensible, human, and generous of all men.

"He tells me you live vastly happy in the prudent enjoyment of an easy fortune, a good character, and a most excellent wife. And may you long enjoy those invaluable blessings.

"Things here, too, seem to go on pretty well with us. Our dear parents are not only blessed with a good state of health, but, what is very extraordinary at their years, a plentiful flow of spirits. The distemper, too, among cattle is entirely ceased in this neighbourhood, and tho' I am far from presuming myself out of the

reach of it, yet I beg my dear sister and you to join with me in the most grateful acknowledgment to the Great Preserver of man and beast, that He has thus far preserved my cattle, even in the midst of its baneful influence.

"I was two days since at Lockholme, and, as my father was gone down to Ravenstonedale town, my mother did all she could to make up for his absence by a cheerful and hearty welcome. As one part of the entertainment, she brought me your letter to read, and was vastly pleased with my dear sister's urging you to write.

"Tears of joy trickled down her aged cheeks, but when I came to that part in which you give her the preference as a divine to Geo. Perkins, she laughed very heartily: 'But,' says she, readily, 'Geo. is above stairs, and has been these two hours, transcribing something from "Burket on the New Testament."'

"After some time George came down, and had wrote a great deal upon justifying, and sanctifying grace, on the two white leaves in the beginning of one of the Books of the Methodists.

"The Methodists, I think, get but very little footing in Rossendale. Their teachers (those profligate Apostles) meet with such slender encouragement, that I am in hopes they'll not come much longer among them.

"God be thanked, my three daughters, after whom you so kindly inquire, are all very well, and desire

their duty to their dear uncle and aunt. Daughter Sally is grown a thriving, plump, little cheerful creature . . ."

But the clouds were gathering round this light-hearted farmer. His own buoyant spirit had carried him through much trouble and anxiety, but there presently arose difficulties which he found himself quite unable to cope with. The first remaining hint of them is given in a letter to George, written in a much more sober and subdued style than he used to his other brothers.

"Wharton Hall, February 7th, 1749.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"Waving all apologies for my neglect in writing &c., I proceed to tell you that I had wrote long since, but for fear of being the messenger of ill news. An unlucky affair has very unexpectedly happened among us, which has given me more uneasiness, and vexation, and will, I fear, be attended with greater loss, than anything I have yet met with. My late partner, John Richardson, and I used mostly to pay our whole years rent in (or two or three days before) Christmas. I had this year got mine made up about a fortnight before that time, and told John,—who I knew might have the bulk of his when he pleased, of the persons who farmed under him,—I would gladly have had us gone to Meaburn with the

rent the week before Christmas. He said but little to me then, but, in three days after, told me he could not well pay his till the latter week in Christmas, but desired, when I went, to give his service to Mr. Walton, and tell him, he would not fail to pay him a a visit at that time.

"I went to Meaburn on the 21st December, and paid, and took a receipt for £130, which was every shilling of my share of the rent due on the 8th January. John Richardson left his house, and told his family and neighbours he intended to pay his brother a visit at Penrith, but would take Meaburn, in order to pay Mr. Walton the rent, on his way thither, and would be at home again in a night or two at the longest. But, to the surprise of every one, he is never yet returned, and, what is very afflicting to me, he never yet found the way to Meaburn, never yet paid Mr. Walton his rent, nor is he ever yet heard of.

"I am very sorry for the loss of my friend and neighbour, but I must own it is greatly aggravated by my becoming liable to pay £130 for him, which I must pay, or so much at least in proportion as his creditors come short of paying his debts. His debts are computed to be about £1480, and his credits about £1460. You see the balance against him is but a trifle. I desire you will be so good as to remember me kindly to my brother Thomas. . . ."

The absconding bankrupt, Richardson, does not

seem to have been found, and Richard Fothergill made up his mind to give up the Wharton Hall Farm unless he could continue it on much easier terms. With a view to obtaining these, he writes to Mr. Henry Blencow, the agent to his landlord, Mr. Lowther, who had succeeded the Duke of Wharton, as owner of the dale.

"Wharton Hall, December 28th, 1749.

"SIR,

"I had the favour of yours, and shall say nothing of the obligations I am under for your so much interesting yourself on my behalf, but, as we can have no relief at a less expense than by debating the matter by Counsel in Chancery, I almost despair of any. I am afraid, with you, that the remedy in that case would be worse than the disease; perhaps I ought not to request it of you, but the most likely method I can think of, is to write to Mr. Stephenson yourself (for he said the letters he had in your name were not in your own hand), and set before him in the strongest terms, the injustice of not taking in, amongst other debts, rent for the lands, the produce of which Richardson had disposed of before he absconded. That no person concerned in this bankruptcy has had such usage, and that Mr. Lowther is determined not to sit down with it. Something of this kind, which your own mind will suggest to you, will not fail, I am yet in hopes, to have some effects upon him; if not,

it is but so much labour thrown away, which I shall ever gratefully acknowledge.

"As for the renewal of the lease for Wharton Hall, I would have it done immediately, or quite laid aside. I am much obliged to you for your kind offices for me with Mr. Lowther. The abatement you proposed of £20 a year is very considerable, but when it is remembered that we have, for nine years back, paid at least £20 a year more than our predecessor had done, and that he, though a very saving man, was ruined by it, you will be the less surprised on finding me insisting on a still further abatement. And further, I have thus far sustained but a very inconsiderable loss, either by bad creditors, or the death of cattle, less than commonly happens even in the best of times in the management of such an estate.

"The advantages arising from grazing have been as great for the course of nine years back as can reasonably be expected for the same term of years to come, and you will agree with me, that the hazard of such an undertaking is now abundantly greater. I have brought betwixt four and five hundred pounds upon this farm to stock it with, have had all along a very frugal industrious family, which have saved me more in servants' wages than ever I have laid out on their account, and yet I have the mortification to find, upon casting up my accounts—which I have done with great exactness, since I have received your letter,—that my fortune is not quite £20 improved since I

first entered upon the farm. Thus, you have had all the judgment and application to business I have been able to exert in the management of this affair at a very low price,—at something less than £3 10*s.* 0*d.* a year, the industry of my family, and the interest of betwixt £400 or £500 into the bargain, so that you must conclude I have either been shamefully deficient in management—a thing I believe my neighbours will not charge me with,—or that the farm is shamefully too dear. I have drawn up this account on purpose to convince you that I want to take no advantage of the precariousness of the times, or anything else, to sink the rent of this estate below its real value.

"I have bid Mr. Watson £240 a year for it, for nine or eleven years, and pay all taxes except the land tax, or £250, and you pay all taxes whatsoever, which I am still willing to give. But dare go no further, because, in the best of times, I know it worth no more. The time is now advanced that some husbandry is become necessary, and if you cannot shortly determine to take this price, I shall think no more about it, but immediately dispose my affairs for the leaving it, though I must own it will be with some reluctance.

"I am, sir, with all gratitude and respect,

"Your very humble servant,

"RICHARD FOTHERGILL."

To this letter the following curt reply was returned :—

"London, January 19th, 1750.

"SIR,

"I received, yesterday, yours relating to the farm at Wharton Hall. I have this day consulted Mrs. Lowther upon it, and, as you say, that every day's suspense is something out of your way, I take the earliest opportunity of acquainting you that she will not comply with your last proposals, which no ways differ in substance from that of your former letter. And as you are very careful not to be bound by your proposal longer than Candlemass, it teaches me the like caution to withdraw my last proposal, which I think too advantageous to be treated in so slighting a manner. If you thought the thing so terrible and hazardous as you represent, you would not have chosen to be tied up to so large a farm for so long a term as seven, nine, or eleven years. I conclude, therefore, you did not think it so bad a bargain when you desired to have it for so long a term. I thought a short term most advantageous, both for you and us, in these precarious times. Upon the terms you propose, £230 per annum, and considering the reduction of the Land Tax, which is always intended for the benefit of the landlord, we should lose £259 by a seven years' lease. This is but £1 short of a year's rent, and therefore we can afford to lose that sum by taking it into our own hands, and letting it out in pieces, rather than undervalue the estate by letting it out on bad terms. And this is Mrs. Lowther's

present resolution, which I give you the earliest notice of, that you may dispose of your affairs accordingly.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

"HENRY BLENCOW."

After an interval, during which no letters seem to have been preserved, George Fothergill resumes his correspondence with his parents.

"Queen's, Oxford, December 15th, 1750.

"I once more sit down (with thanks for your kind letter by George Murthwaite) to inform you that brother Thomas and myself are both of us in good health, and to wish you the comfortable enjoyment of the approaching season, and company of relations and neighbours in innocent cheerfulness. It is a great satisfaction to us to hear, and as brother Richard informs us, that you enjoy not only a good share of health, but a cheerful flow of spirits. . . .

"My pupil, thus far, seems to be a very ingenious and deserving youth, and I have many inducements, among which, you may be sure, your hearty recommendation will be a very powerful one, to show him any kindness that I can, and I heartily join with all his friends in asking God's blessing upon his studies and pursuits.

"I am very glad to hear you are of opinion that the Methodists rather lose than gain ground, in a place for which I must ever have a sincere concern and

affection. . . . Our best wishes attend you all, particularly those relations and neighbours brother Thomas and I shall think of, about the first evening after Christmas Day, as usual. . . .

"P.S.—Pray remember me very kindly to my cousins in the Low Lane. I hope to answer Mr. Murthwaite's letter very soon, as also brother Richard's. If I should not get time on Monday morning, fail not to let us know when Richard has resolved about his present farm, whether he continues or removes. . . ."

Though the rebuilding of Ravenstonedale church had been begun in 1738, and the pews in the new one had been duly allotted at a vestry meeting held on June 1st, 1744, yet the edifice does not seem to have been completed until, at least, seven years later; for in spite of an entry in the parish book, still in existence, that "the Rev. Henry Fothergill, another son of the said Henry Fothergill, of Lockholme, Master of Arts, did likewise give three guineas to seal over the chancel in the new church aforesaid, as witness my hand this 9th day of July, 1746," we find a letter, written from London by Dr. George, respecting the expense of plastering the ceiling :—

"Little Ryder Street, Westminster, July 22nd, 1751.

"DEAR PARENTS,

"According to your directions in your last kind letter, and my own promises in mine lately to

THE EXTERIOR OF THE CHURCH IN RAVENSTONEDALE AS RESTORED IN 1744.

brother Joseph, I now sit down to send my duty to you from hence, though in great hurry, as I am preparing to set out for Oxford to-morrow, in hopes of finding my dear brother Thomas and all my friends there well. Every Rossendale man hereabouts has asked very cordially after you, and we drank your healths at Mr. Barber's a few days ago, though we wanted your old friend Mr. William Robinson, who, being but in an indifferent state of health, and very short-breathed, did not venture to cross the river from Southwark. Old Richard Robinson, I suppose you may have heard, is dead lately, but young Richard, son of William Robinson,—I think,—of Strenskow, was with us. Mr. John Fawcett, George Harrison, Harry Knewstubb and his wife, John Giles, Robert, Thomas, and Samuel Toulmin were all so kind as to meet me on that occasion. I had before had some talk with Mr. Fawcett (who never wrote to me at Oxford), about ceiling your church. He told me he had offered five guineas towards it, provided you proceed to raise what money should be wanted by subscriptions, and not by assessment, and that he would be as good as his word. And I told him, if you came anything near getting it done, I believed my two brothers and I would endeavour to raise ten guineas more amongst us. And, methinks, when fifteen guineas shall be advanced, it will be a pity if you cannot get the work forward. The affair was mentioned again when we were all together, but though everybody seemed to

wish well to the design, I did not observe any forwardness to contribute towards it. But, I think, if you find a disposition to raise the rest among yourselves the fifteen guineas above mentioned may be depended on. This place affords no further news, and the hurry I am in obliges me to conclude. . . ."

The brother Fothergills' offer respecting the ceiling must have produced some effect in the dale, which seems to have bestirred itself to collect the necessary funds, though either the work was a difficult one, or the workmen very slow, as, from a letter of Richard's, it was evidently expected to take nearly a year to complete. This letter also gives the winding up of Richardson's affairs :—

"Wharton Hall, September 28th, 1751.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I have been for a long time two letters in your debt. At Midsummer, I fully intended to have discharged one half of it, but was, some way or other, hindered till you were gone to London. After shuffling on thus far, I quieted myself a little by saying I'll write as soon as I can give any account how this year is likely to turn out, and, having now sold off a pretty number of cattle, have the pleasure to tell you that they allowed a reasonable profit, and that everything succeeds here as well as can be expected from honest, weak endeavour.

"I hope, by the time this reaches Oxford, you'll—by a prudent determination—be freed from the painful situation of suspense, as both the preferment now at your option, and what you may reasonably expect in case you declined, are, no doubt, honorable provisions for life, there can be no great difference of them, but in imagination, do but think you choose the best, and it will always really be so. And upon a presumption that you have accepted the late Dr. Shaw's preferments, I heartily congratulate you thereupon. May they everyway answer your expectations, and may you be blessed with a good habit of body, and cheerful disposition of mind long to enjoy them.

"John Richardson's effects proved to answer all his debts that were taken by the Commissers. of the Bankruptcy. There were £3 11*s.* 3*d.* Land Tax, 14*s.* 6*d.* Poor Rate, 15*s.* to make good some repairs of his part of the farm, £8 of rent I had to pay for him, all which they refused to take in. They have since paid me £5 of the above-mentioned rent, so the loss on the whole amounts to no more than £8 0*s.* 9*d.*, a sum I might ill have spared, but, being once in danger of losing far more, made this go down with greater ease.

"Yesterday was let, in a public vestry, the ceiling of Ravenstonedale church. There were on the occasion many grateful acknowledgments of your kind offer towards the expense of it. It is to be finished by Midsummer next.

"My little family are all, blessed be God, in good health, and desired their love and duty to you. All at Lockholme and Kirby are very well.

"My father yesterday finished shearing. Among the number of his shearers was Geordy Perkins, who stood to it stoutly all day.

"The distemper amongst cattle is at Asby, and very fatal to those that take it; few, or none, recover. All the fairs for black cattle in Westmoreland are suppressed. Nothing but sheep and horses to be seen on Brough Hill. My father gets to Kirby every Monday, but looks very aged. . . ."

It was in the year 1751 that Dr. George Fothergill was elected Principal of St. Edmund's Hall, succeeding the Dr. Shaw mentioned in Richard's letter. Dr. Shaw was rather a remarkable man. Born in 1692, he began life as chaplain to the English factory at Algiers. After twelve years he relinquished that post, and travelled for some time along the coasts of the Mediterranean. He then published an account of his wanderings under the title of "Travels in Barbary and the Levant," which was a work of considerable merit, travellers being then few and far between. On his return to England, he became Principal of St. Edmund's Hall, and presented to the university a fine collection of natural curiosities, medals, and works of art. Merton and Balliol Colleges and St. Edmund's Hall are the three oldest foundations

at Oxford, being established, respectively, in 1262, 1270, and 1269. The latter contains, now (1905), thirty-six undergraduates, but does not appear to have any income from endowments. George's preferment seems greatly to have pleased his relations, as witness another letter from Richard to his brother Thomas, dated "Wharton Hall, November 4th, 1751:"—

"I am glad my good brother the Dr. has got so eligible a preferment, especially as you seem to think it may be no bar to something better. But let that be as it may, it is very well that he is settled so much to his liking at present, and in no danger, from any disappointment, of being torn from the neighbourhood of his beloved college,—a thing, I always thought that would, if it should happen, give him much uneasiness, and make all the rest of the world appear to him like a naked and desolate wilderness.

"A much greater part to act on this stage of life seems now to be falling to your share. May you greatly succeed in it. And give me leave to say, there is scarce anything so great, but may in reason be expected from so noble a spirit, under the control of so cool and so strong a judgment. . . ."

Richard Fothergill would appear to have patched up his difficulties, temporarily, with his landlord, or perhaps his lease had not quite run out when he attempted to renew it; at all events, he remained on,

for some time, at Wharton Hall, and writes again from there to his brothers,—it is impossible to say which, as no name is given in the letter. From the style of it, however, it would seem more likely to be addressed to George than to Thomas or Henry, as with the former, the whole family, judging from the correspondence, appear to have been on more ceremonious terms, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, on their best behaviour, and this letter reads by no means so spontaneously as Richard's generally do.

"Wharton Hall, January 30th, 1752.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"As this letter treads just upon the heels of a long one, which I hope you have before now received, and as none of yours have, in the mean time, made their appearance here, I hope you'll own me now for something more than a regular correspondent. Your dear relations in these parts have had a very friendly, agreeable Christmas. We spent an evening together at each house, where, after the usual accomodations of a hot pye, &c., we drank a glass to the health of our dear brothers abroad.

"We were all in good health ourselves, in love, and perfect friendship with one another, and at peace and in charity with all the world.

"But such happiness was too great to be of any long continuance. Those days of sunshine were

almost instantly followed by a very severe fit of sickness with which my dear father was visited on the morning of the sixth instant. His disorder was a violent pain on the left side of the lower part of the body, which we all took for colic, but Dr. Beck, to whom my father applied, called it gravel.

". . . Notwithstanding, the pain continued very acute, allowing little rest by night or day, till the 14th, in the evening, when, God be thanked, it entirely left him. Left him, though weak, yet much better than could reasonably be expected from a person of his years, after so sharp an illness.

"My father gave me orders when I wrote, to let you know what a severe affliction he had undergone, and to desire you to join with us all in returning thanks to the great Author of our being, for so kindly withdrawing his afflicting hand, and seeming to lengthen out the thread of life a little longer.

"Two days before my father began, died our old neighbour, John Hewittson, after a very short sickness. He had, indeed, for some time been a little ailing, like a slight cold, but was able to walk into the fields but one or two days before he died. He went to bed about nine in the evening, awak'd about eleven, told Isabel he did not know how he was, said little more, was very uneasy, and restless for half an hour, and then seemed to drop asleep, but never, I believe, opened his eyes again; never more answered to any of their questions; continued, indeed, to breathe about

thirty hours, and expired. I was invited to the funeral, and saw the remains of our once bustling, active old neighbour quietly deposited in the meeting-house yard. It was something remarkable he had three sons and seven daughters, all by one wife, that attended the funeral.

"On the 15th of this month was buried honest Will Jackson. He died of a fever about the sixteenth day after he began. On Tuesday last was married cousin Miss Hannah Fawcet, to one Lambe, a dealer in horses, from the borders of Scotland. I can give you no account of either family or fortune; it is said both are good. His appearance, however, is very much so.

"We had a great snow fell here on the 19th, 20th, and 21st of this instant. It lay till the 28th, when it came on a very heavy rain which, together with the sudden melting of the snow, caused in many places such an inundation, as we have not often known in these parts.

"Two barns, together with some cattle, were carried away by it in Mollerstang. A dwelling house, together with all its inhabitants—six in number—were swept off by it in Dent, besides other vast damages in several parts of the country. But, God be thanked, not one of your relations here sustained the least damage by it. You may perhaps remember Ralph Stockdale? It was his brother, and wife, and two children, a maid-servant, and a taylor, that was

working in the house, that perished so unfortunately at Dent. . . . "

During the long vacation this year (1752), Dr. George seems to have paid one of his rare visits to Lockholme, for, on October 16th, he writes, telling his parents of his safe return to Oxford :—

"After my hearty thanks for your late goodness to me at Lockholme, I have the pleasure of informing you that Mr. Garthorpe and I, with honest Richard, arrived safe and well, by God's blessing, at our journey's end on Saturday in the afternoon, and found brother Thomas and all our friends well, and I have since heard, and shall inform his father by this post, that George Murthwaite is in a very hopeful way.

"After our first day from Lancaster it was wet, especially the latter part of it. Our days were pretty favorable, but there fell so heavy rains on Monday and Tuesday, and, I think, Wednesday nights, as made our roads very ill-pleasant till we came within a day's journey of Oxford, where a fine season of three weeks continuance had made the roads very pleasant for the last thirty miles.

"I found my mare quite recovered, having been well used. But the second afternoon after, she met with another very bad accident—a nail ran directly up one of her hind feet, which she trod upon in the road, and which had almost spoiled her ; especially as it was

not discovered till the next evening but one, when she grew exceeding lame, that part of the nail had broken off, and was left in the foot. However, a skilful farrier soon got the remainder of the nail out, and gave the poor creature so much ease again, that next day she brought me to Oxford better than could well be expected, and is likely by proper care to get well again soon.

"I have hardly had time to recollect my thoughts since I got hither, but would not on that account defer writing by this post, begging you, in the first place, to join with me in thanks to Almī God, for bringing me and my fellow travellers safe to our journey's end, and next, to make my grateful acknowledgments to all our dear relations, neighbours, and friends (whose names, if recited, would exceed the bounds of a letter), for their many civilities to me. . . ."

George Murthwaite, mentioned in this letter, was a member of one of the numerous families of that name scattered about Ravenstonedale. Launcelot Myrthwaite is mentioned as owner of eight acres of land in the dale, in the list of landholders made in 1541, while William and Rowland occupied cottages there. But the family had risen in the world by the time the next list of proprietors was drawn up in 1734, when Richard and John, its then representatives, had their land valued at £9 12*s.* and £26 16*s.* respectively. George Murthwaite was the son of Richard, entered Oxford as a

batler, and matriculated December 17th, 1754. He followed in the footsteps of George Fothergill, who seems to have been his tutor, was elected Taberdar in 1754, Fellow of his college in 1765, and became Rector of Charlton on Otmoor, in Oxfordshire, a college living, now worth £543 a year, in 1784. He died there in 1799. Among his friends at Oxford was a Mr. Riland, with whom he kept up a close correspondence for a period of thirty-six years, from 1756 to 1792, the last letter of the series being written to Riland's widow on the death of her husband. It was to Riland Dr. George Fothergill wrote in 1758, when he sought the appointment of Professor of History, vacant on the death of Dr. Frewin.

"Edmund Hall, Oxford, December 8th, 1758.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have of late been encouraged by favourable intimations from different societies in this place, as well as from my good neighbours at Queen's, to think of offering myself, at a proper time, for the Professorship of History, upon a vacancy which is supposed not to be far off. Should it happen in the winter season, it would be a great addition to my pleasure, in case of success, to have obtained so honourable a patronage without putting my more distant friends to the trouble and inconvenience of a journey for that purpose. Yet I flatter myself it would give you some concern, should it hereafter appear that your

old tutor had lost a thing for want of your voice in his favour. . . ."

George Fothergill failed to secure the Professorship. Riland evidently refers to the letter asking for his vote in a letter published in the "Radcliffe Correspondence," where he says: "Old Snod is candidate for the Professorship of History, which it is supposed will soon be vacant by the death of Dr. Frewin." This is the only reference remaining as to the nickname by which the worthy Doctor was known among the irreverent undergraduates.

Ever since his severe illness in January, 1752, old Henry Fothergill, of Lockholme, seems to have been declining in health. He died on April 25th, 1753, the last letter from his sons preserved among his papers being from Henry, and dated "Bath, March 2nd," in that year. There is no superscription to this letter, but, from internal evidence, it was probably addressed to William—then, most likely, living with his parents in the old home.

"After having passed through various perils, we are (God be praised), got safe to our house in Bath. On Monday fortnight we set out from Cheriton, just as the frost was beginning to break. The day after, it rained very hard for several hours, the consequence of which was, the ice and snow melted so extremely fast, as to swell the waters to such a height that we seemed

to be in great danger of losing our lives. One water, in particular, which was a great way over, was so deep as to come into the coach. The postilion said the water ran over the tops of his boots, and that the horse he rode upon swimmed. After we had, by God's good protection, happily surmounted our danger, we had another water to pass, which they told us was much more dangerous than the first, before we could reach Taunton, the town where we had intended to have lain that night.

"We were now between two dangerous waters, and night was coming on. Indeed, it was then as dark as it would be, so that, rather than encounter any more dangers, we all agreed, very unanimously, to take up our habitation for that night in a poor little ale-house, where we were better accomodated than we expected to have been in such a house.

"We lay one night after that upon the road, and, the evening after, God be thanked, we all got safe and well to Bath. About Christmas I expected every post to have received a letter from some of my relations in Westmoreland. I was in hopes my brother Richard would have written. But receiving no letter, I was then apprehensive, and still am so, that his letter was intercepted.

"About a fortnight before we left Cheriton, I received a kind letter from my brother Joseph, which, I think, was the only letter I have received out of Westmoreland since my brother George was with you.

I desire to return my brother Joseph thanks for it. We continue our resolution to make our dear parents and relations a visit this spring, and intend (God willing) to set out from Bath for that purpose, some time in April. When we have fixed the time exactly, I will inform you, as near as I well can, what time we hope to be at Lancaster, and will desire the favour of one of my brothers to meet us there.

"My good brother, the Doctor, when he returned from Westmoreland, as I remember, seemed to think that my dear mother was under some apprehensions she should not be able to provide so well for the reception of her daughter, and namesake, as she ought to do. I beg my dear mother to be under no concern on that account. For if my good wife were not one of the best-natured women in the world, she would not undertake so long a journey with me. I beg, therefore, that you will not be under any uneasiness on that account. My dear, good wife joins me in duty to our dear parents, and love to all our relations. And we desire that either you, or brother Richard, will write to us as soon as you can.

"Of late I verily believe I have sent two or three letters into Westmoreland for one I have received from there. Whether I have reason to complain, or not, I am not a fit person to judge. . . ."

About a fortnight after his father's death, Thomas Fothergill writes to his mother.

"Queen's, Oxford, May 4th, 1753.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"I most sincerely condole with you upon the loss of my dear and excellent father, and heartily wish I could say anything which might help to administer comfort to you, or myself, on this truly sorrowful occasion. That uninterrupted happiness you enjoyed with him, for the long space of three and fifty years, does but now serve to render his loss more sensible and affecting, though, in truth, it ought to be matter of content and thankfulness, as it was a blessing greater than in the common course of things could be expected, and such as perhaps is scarcely vouchsafed to one pair in five thousand.

"For my part, too, I find great relief in reflecting that he died at an age which one would hardly wish to go beyond, without pain, in full possession of his senses, and in the presence of those who were dearest to him. His name, too, I am satisfied will be ever dear to posterity, as he passed most inoffensively through life, and left numberless friends, without one enemy, behind him. But what I am satisfied yields most satisfaction to us all, is the remembrance of his uncommon piety, and goodness, of which he is now reaping the immortal fruits, beyond the reach of disappointment, sickness, and pain. All, therefore, we can wish is, that when Providence shall be pleased to call us out of this world, our latter ends may be like his.

"In the meantime, I am fully persuaded we shall every one strive, to the utmost of our power, to render your life as easy and happy as may be. I desire my kind love and service to good brother William. It gave me pleasure to hear that my father died in the arms, as it were, of so faithful and beloved a son. . . ."

After the old man's death there is a break in the correspondence. Richard, it is known, finally left Wharton Hall, and succeeded his father at Lockholme, whence his daughters, Agnes, Elizabeth, and Margaret, married in 1758, 1761, and 1762, and settled outside the dale. Whether William left Lockholme when his father died is not known, but, at all events, he ended his days there with Richard and Sarah, dying just two years before his elder brother.

It was probably soon after the marriage of his second daughter, Agnes, or Nancy, as she was generally called, and a visit from Dr. George (perhaps to the wedding?) that Richard wrote the next letter, which has been preserved, to Thomas. It bears no date, but must have been penned soon after the marriage.

"Dear Brother,

"I thank you most kindly for your last affectionate letter. The caution about your letters was quite right, and I thank you for it, but, I beg, let not that affair give you a moment's uneasiness. After I

have wore your letters in my pocket two or three days, for the conveniency of pulling them out now and then and reading them over, I put them into a box, and both that and the closet in which the box stands are locked, and the key in my pocket, except when I am in the closet myself. There never is, I can assure you, one paper of them seen out of my own hand. As there is but little news stirring in this part of the world to give you any account of, I am sat down to be as chatty as I can upon paper, to twattle out any little occurrence that comes in my head which I think will amuse you.

"The Dr. seemed pretty much surprised with the alterations at Lockholme. He said they greatly exceeded any idea he had of them. I fancy, too, if he would have spoken out it would have been that I had carried the matter too far, made more to do, all things considered, than there was any occasion for. This he was far, very far from saying. He sits down amongst us, always serene, sometimes cheerful and familiar, mostly in good humour, and, I daresay, thinks himself nowhere so happy in Westmoreland as at Lockholme.

"He seems very well pleased, too, with Nanny's disposal of herself, and does every kind and friendly action to make the two families thus allied think well of and esteem each other, and with effect.

"Last Wednesday but one, we dined at Mr. Bird's, where we met with Mr. Dennison's good family, and a most kind and hearty welcome. We took a bed that night with cousin William Fawcett, of Sandford, by

whom we were most kindly entertained, and spent the evening very agreeably with the two brothers and their wives. Next day, we dined with Mr. Yeats, who perfectly overwhelmed us with compliment, ceremony, and civility.

"There was a seemingly good-natured, though rather whimsical gentleman, dined with Mr. Yeats that day. I cannot say Mr. Baccus is a very cheerful companion, and yet he made the afternoon (for we stayed all night) pass much pleasantlier over than it would have done without him.

"The Dr. took occasion to mention our laying all night at Railton's of Bowes, as we came down. 'And you lay all night at that Pagan's, did you?' said Mr. Baccus. 'I always contrive it so as to miss that Pagan's house.'

"Amongst the great variety of subjects handled that afternoon, that of the married state came upon the carpet. Mr. Baccus and Mr. Yeats carried the happiness of that state very high, so high as almost to exclude happiness from any other.

"The Dr. allowed the happiness of that state to be sure to be very great, but—as you know, he is generally on both sides of the question—dryly said, 'that he did not know exactly what share of happiness some of his friends might formerly possess, but to him they seemed at least as happy before they married as ever they were afterwards.'

"Mr. Baccus, with an hastiness something resembling

anger, made answer, 'You may, perhaps, have Dr. Shaw in your eye; I daresay it is him you mean of: but what chance had he for happiness, I pray you? Did he not marry a Presbyterian? For my part, I would sooner, a thousand times sooner, have married a black than have married one of them.'

"The Dr. did not explain himself which of his acquaintances it was he meant. The subject was dropt, which to me was very lucky, for I was almost burst, not with laughing, but for want of it. . . ."

It was the daughter of this "pagan" landlord of Bowes, whose fate has been so pathetically described in Mallet's ballad, "Edwin and Emma." In the churchyard of Bowes their grave may still be seen, while in the parish register may be read the entry, "Rodger Wrightson, junior, and Martha Railton, both of Bowes, buried in one grave. He died in a fever, and upon tolling his passing-bell she cried out, 'My heart is broke!' and in a few hours expired purely through love."

George Fothergill failed, as has been said, to attain the headship of his college, and the last glimpse we have of this good son and brother is in the letter just quoted. Early struggles and trials seem to have permanently depressed a never very cheerful disposition. He appears always to have been oppressed by the burden of life, and when assured and easy circumstances removed his most pressing cares, his health had become broken, and, unlike the happy-go-lucky Richard, he could not

see the lining to the cloud. He died in 1760, his epitaph being well written by that same brother Richard, a fragment of a letter, still surviving, in very beautiful handwriting.

"You and I," he writes to one of the remaining brothers—we do not know which one, but suspect it must have been Thomas, with whom he seems always to have been on the most familiar terms, and who had probably been with George during the last hours of his life, and was the most likely to follow in his steps at the university—"you and I had a brother whose memory I shall ever revere. Make him your example. Sanctity set so easy, so unaffected, and so graceful upon him, that in him we beheld the very beauty of holiness. He was as cheerful, as familiar, and condescending in his conversation as he was strict, regular, and exemplary in his piety.

"As well bred and accomplished as a courtier; reverend and venerable as an apostle! may you resemble him! may he survive in you! May his spirit descend upon you, as Elijah's upon Elisha! And may the great God of heaven, in guiding, directing, and strengthening your pious resolutions, pour down His best and choicest blessings upon you. That you may enjoy every good, both in this life and that which is to come, is the fervent prayer of your most affectionate brother."

With the father dead, and George, the chief letter-writer, gone, there naturally occur many gaps in the

correspondence. Visits to Lockholme would become fewer and fewer, the old interests would pass away, and the sons out in the world would have formed new interests and connections. The mother, who still survived, an inmate of her old home, was an aged woman of eighty, when her son Henry writes to her from Cheriton Bishop, on December 10th, 1765. She had then been twelve years a widow.

"DEAR MOTHER,

"I have long wanted, and, with some impatience, expected to hear how you, and my sick namesake are [probably William's son, 'little Harry'], and all my dear relations in Westmoreland. God be thanked, we are all well at Cheriton, living with comfort under our own roof, and with esteem in the neighbourhood. Within this two or three years we have lost most of our good old parishioners. Few persons in this country come to fourscore years of age.

"About the beginning of November, my dear good Betsy was several times seized with very violent pains in the breast and stomach, which continued some hours, occasioned, as we thought, by the cold and the changeableness of the weather. Since that time she has, God be thanked, had no returns of the pain, which was, for the time it continued, very severe and terrible.

"Tommy is a great comfort to us. We often talk of our relations, for whom he has the greatest regard

and love. Not being able to write himself, many a little letter has he dictated to me, sometimes to one relation, and sometimes to another, which he afterwards read over himself, folded up, and sealed, got me to direct, and then pleased himself with thinking that the letters were all sent according to their directions. I wish, when any of my relations write to us, they would thank Tommy for his letters. I hope he will always continue to love them.

"When he was amongst you, I hope he behaved as well as could be reasonably expected, considering his age and indulgent education. But a child of five years old cannot have had experience enough to fit him to appear so much in company as he did, to any advantage. However, he is much improved every way since you saw him. His passions, it must be confessed, are violent, but he knows it, and does as much as can be expected of him to get the better of them. Thank God, he is a sensible, dutiful, good child, and knows more of the blessed Scriptures than any child I ever knew at his age. His parents have great encouragement to hope he will one day be a worthy, pious man. Pray God, he may.

"As to myself, I have the greatest cause to be thankful, that I have, almost all my life, enjoyed good health. When many persons no older than myself, are terribly afflicted with the gout, or some other acute distemper, I am free from pain, and have, I think, this autumn, been better than I used to be at this time of

year. May I be duly thankful to God for all his blessings, which, to me, have been wonderful! I hope brother Richard has lately had no returns of the colic, which is a dreadful distemper.

"If Lockholme was no more than one hundred miles from Cheriton, we love the place so well, and our dear relations, that I believe Betsy, Tommy, and myself should all be unanimous in voting to spend a few days with you at the Christmas Holydays. In a post-chaise we might make a stretch of travelling a hundred miles.

"Pray give our best wishes to Brother William, and his son, and tell the latter it is rather a concern to both his aunt and myself to hear such an account of his health and present situation, and that we cannot, this year, transmit him a guinea for his New Year's gift.

"And pray give our kind love to our brother Joseph, and sister Jane, and all their little ones. It would give my Betsy and me great satisfaction to hear that, at the age of 87, you are enabled to encounter the storms of winter tolerably well. Tommy wishes he could write a letter to his grandmother. . . ."

Tommy, an only child, was born at Bath, ten years after his parents' marriage. He grew up, and married in due course, became rector of Tiverton, near Bath, and died in 1821, leaving a son and a daughter. But as both Henry Fothergill, the second, and his children

settled in Devonshire, the connection of that branch of the family with Yorkshire came entirely to an end.

There is a fragment of a letter from Richard, telling of his mother's failing health, which was probably written about this time, though it bears no date.

"Our dear mother has had her health continued wonderfully. She came in this morning as cheerfully as nineteen, with a large loaf of bread, and butter, and told Sarah that she was come that we might drink tea together. Sarah readily complied with this proposal, the kettle was immediately hung on, and we breakfasted together, as great as princes, and as happy as beggars. My mother's memory is as good, and she is as fond of conversation, and of bearing her part in it, and enjoys every subject of it, as well as ever she did within my remembrance. Dulness of hearing, and now and then a fainting fit, which goes off in a minute, are the only infirmities which old age seems to have brought upon her."

The fainting fits, however, must have been the beginning of the end, for old Mrs. Fothergill died on the 5th March, 1766, just five months after she received her son Henry's letter.

Meanwhile, at Oxford, Thomas had become a Fellow, and taken his D.D. degree, and "Little Harry" had gone, in his turn, to college, where he became a

Taberdar, under the care of his uncle. He is mentioned in a letter from Thomas to his brother Richard, dated "Queen's College, July 29th, 1763:"—

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I am extremely concerned to hear that poor Peggy, whom I love most tenderly, has had so hard a time, and mends so slowly. I was in great hopes, from your former letter, that by this time she must have been perfectly recovered, but your account, which came last night, much affects me, and makes me apprehensive for her life. I only returned from London last week, where I inquired of everybody that had received letters from Ravenstonedale, but not one of them spoke of Peggy [Mrs. Michael Boville, Richard's married daughter], as being dangerously ill. I had a letter this week from brother Harry, who says that my sister is better than she has been ever since Tommy was born, but that Mrs. Jacob is very feeble. My nephew, Henry, who is very well and desires his duty to you all, and I, intend to pay them a visit at Cheriton, for about a fortnight, some time next month, which will prevent our meeting you anywhere this summer. I put the mare into the hands of a bold young fellow who is accounted a good rider, and, after a fortnight's trial, he came to me with a sorrowful face, and said he thought she would never do for me. She was apt to make such sudden plunges, after, perhaps, going for a while as quietly as any mare in England; adding, that

he feared, from the experience he had had of her temper, that she would always do so, except she was kept very low, and in constant exercise. I afterwards rode out with him myself, when she was unruly enough, but being encumbered with a great deal of tackle, she could not break from him. Indeed, after that, she had the strangles, and to such a degree as had like to have made her too quiet for anything. But she is now recovered, and in a thriving condition, and I propose selling her soon, though I am loth to part with her, and horses are so cheap, that she will fetch just nothing. But it does not signify to keep her, as she will not bear good feeding, and doing little. The weather, after one of the dryest seasons that was ever remembered, has for a month been very rainy, so that little hay is got yet. Surely you, and his son, Arthur Bousfield, and brother Robert, will be able to fix Richard Boville on the side of the Church, notwithstanding his marriage into a Presbyterian family. It would absolutely ruin the school to have one of this denomination at the head of it, which must suffer not a little, I fear, in the mean time by your deferring the election so long. Let me hear from you by the next post. When do you think you shall want more money. . . ."

"Little Harry," William's son, must have been at college four or five years, when his health began to excite apprehension. Evidently he had fallen a victim to consumption, and other means having been tried in

vain, a visit to the Hot Wells at Bristol was prescribed. From there he wrote to his father, on Tuesday, June 9th, 1767 :—

"Dear Father,

"I wrote a letter to you while I was at Bath. I am now at the Hot Wells, and have been here something more than a week. The weather has been unfavourable here till three or four days ago, when it altered, and we have now very fine weather. For the bad weather I did not find much mends, but now it is fine weather, I think I get something better every day.

"I ride out twice a day, early in the morning, from seven till nine o'clock, and the evening, from five till seven ; it is too hot to ride in the middle of the day.

"Here's a very fine place to ride upon. They call it the Downs ; there's very fine air upon them, and fine prospects of the country, the sea, &c. In short, it is a very pleasant place, if I was well enough to enjoy it. But to a sick man nothing is agreeable.

"I came here in a post-chaise, along with uncle, aunt, and cousin from Bath, the Friday before last. My aunt and cousin returned, but my uncle was so kind as to stay with me. My uncle, Dr. Thomas, had said he would send John Gibbons to me, my uncle Henry was therefore so kind as to stay with me till John should come.

"My uncle Henry was at a great deal of expense on my account; coming here in a chaise from Bath to Bristol (for he came with me once before to see the place) must cost a deal. And his charges, when here, were pretty great. He gave me a guinea at parting here.

"I want for nothing at all here but health. I am at a house where there is a very good woman, who makes me everything that I desire. And I, being a sick person, do not eat such things as other people. But she makes me anything. John is of great service to me.

"I am under the care of one Mr. Yeatman, an apothecary here, who comes to see me every day, and takes a deal of care of me. I have gotten quit, (God be thanked), of my purging, and my night sweats. My cough only, continues. But Mr. Yeatman is trying to cure me of that. I am very weak for want of flesh, for I am very thin. This place is very expensive, but my uncle Thomas gave me a good deal of money before I left Oxford. I have nothing more to say, I think, but that I should be very glad to hear from you, and I'll give you a direction at Mrs. Bryant's, next door to the Hot Wells, Bristol."

Little more than a fortnight afterwards, the poor boy was dead. He was buried beside his uncle George, in the chapel of St. Edmund's Hall. His uncle Thomas, who seems to have been most kind to

him, refers to the poor young fellow in a letter to Richard, dated from Queen's College, October 20th, 1767 :—

"I have nothing to add to what I wrote last week, but that I am very busy at present in receiving and returning visits, the insipidity of which, if they were to last much longer, would make me almost repent of my new situation [as Provost of Queen's].

"I should still be very glad if you could get me a good bony horse, about fourteen and a half hands high, sure footed, and afraid of nothing. I cannot tell how it is, but I rode hackney horses above twenty years, and had scarcely above one, I think, that ever fell under me. And yet I have never had a sure-footed horse out of the North, but the first, and Harry Perkin's mare. The monument [probably the one to the memory of his father and mother, in Ravenstonedale church], is now, very near finished, but whether to send it by water, or land, is what I am not yet determined about. The former way would be cheaper, but not so safe. But more of this hereafter.

"Yare tells me that you are engaged in a lawsuit, but he does not know the nature of it. I suppose this is Brown's affair. I hope you run no risk of losing either money or reputation by this business. There is a term in law called Barratry, but I hope your taking up another man's suit or quarrel cannot be brought under this denomination, tho', perhaps, the intemperate

tongues of lawyers at a country assize might charge you and my namesake with it. But, no doubt, you will be well advised in every step you take, and perhaps the sooner you are out of this affair the better, as you have seemingly business enough of your own to manage, and may be excused from going greatly out of your way to help the injured. I shall be glad to hear how your farm turns out this year, as everything is dear. I hope it will answer very well. I am the more anxious about your affairs, the less I am able to give you assistance. I do not, however, despair of getting something more in time, which will be more acceptable to me on account of my friends, than myself. Especially to be able to make you easy in the world, would be my greatest happiness.

"The enclosed paper, which I found among poor little Harry's writings, you may show to brother William, or not, just as you think proper. I only send it to let you see that the good little creature did not expect to live long. I was more pleased with finding this than if I had found volumes of studied writings. . . ."

Thus, within six years, three members of the Fothergill family passed away. But Henry, from his quiet country vicarage, still continued his correspondence with his brother Richard, who seems, in some sort, to have taken the parents' place at Lockholme.

"Cheriton Bishop, December 14th, 1768.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"You know so little of this country, or of anybody in it that it is not an easy matter to find materials to furnish out a letter that will contain anything worth reading. However, I return you thanks for your very kind letter, which I received some time ago, and which I would have answered sooner if I had not written to my dear brother Richard about the time that I had thoughts of writing to you.

"About a fortnight after I had written to Richard, I received his very kind, ingenious letter, and I desire you will return him my sincerest thanks for it.

"When all other subjects of conversation fail, it has long been the practice of mankind to have recourse to the weather, which has been extremely wet, almost ever since we came from Bath, which was about Midsummer. Indeed, of late, the rains in many parts of England have been terrible. Last week, six passengers, in the Exeter stage coach, coming from London to Exeter, were all drowned. 'Tis thought they lived a considerable time after the coach was under water. When the coach was found the windows of it were all shut, and it is said the unhappy, miserable wretches within it had torn the very hair off their heads, and their skin, and flesh in many places. There were three men in it, and one woman with two children. What cause have I to be thankful for God's tender care over me, and mine, who have travelled the road

between Bath and Cheriton with my family, near forty times, without ever hurting so much as a finger!

"This country being hilly, I mean about Cheriton, and no great rivers being very near us, I believe we have suffered less damage by the rains than many other places. However, the farmers complain that the weather is unseasonable, both for their cattle, which in this country lie all the winter, as we say, without doors, and for their wheat which they generally sow before this time of the year. However, corn, just now, bears a lower price than it has done for some time, and all kinds of butcher's meat is cheaper than it has been for several years. We buy the best mutton, and the best pieces of beef, for twopence half-penny a pound. But, as our hay, this year, is not good, I suppose beef will be dearer in the spring.

"The sheep in this country do not know what hay is. The people are possessed with a strange notion that, if their sheep were to eat hay, it would certainly give them the rot. Whether it is owing to the weather, or old age, I cannot tell, but whatever be the cause, I find neither my other half, my dear Betsy, nor myself are near so well as we used to be, about twenty years ago. However, I hope some time next summer we shall be able to get to Lockholme. Tho' it must be confessed a journey from Cheriton to Lockholme appears to be no little undertaking.

"For above half a year, I was hardly ever free from pain in my right hip, which pain, I thank God, is

now happily removed, I believe, from drinking tar water. But even tar water does not make one young.

"'Tis a great comfort to my dear Betsy and me to hear that you have a little recovered your spirits. You are very happy in having my brother Richard and sister Sarah to live with. Tommy never speaks of his cousin Harry without concern and emotion. How long it will please God to continue him with his parents, or his parents with him, 'tis not for us to know. Thank God, he is a fine boy, has excellent parts, and, as long as he thinks that he excells, he will take as much pains as he has occasion to take. . . ."

The last letter of this long correspondence which has been preserved is also written by Henry to William. The visit to Lockholme, promised in the former communication, has evidently been paid.

"Cheriton Bishop, December 12th, 1769.

"DEAR BROTHER,

"My Betsy and I think ourselves greatly obliged to you for all the trouble you had with us, which we are sensible was not a little. But I can hardly forgive you all for persuading her, in the very weak condition she was then in, to go to Soulby [where Richard's married daughter, Betty, wife of Matthew Bell, lived]. However, I hope she will in time recover the bruises she received in going thither, tho' I believe she has not quite recovered them yet.

Tommy is mighty well. He and I have had several agreeable rides lately, to visit the neighbours we have left here at Cheriton.

"We have lately lost our nearest neighbour, Mr. Fulford, who was the only gentleman, besides the clergy that was near us. Poor man! he came young to his estate, and imprudently lived above it. The consequence of which is, he is now, tho' not much above thirty, obliged to leave his ancient family seat, which is one of the best, if not the very best, in the county, and to go to France, where he proposes to live at less expense than he did at his own seat, which bears his own name, Fulford.

"After we parted with you, we found it a long way to Cheriton. We were eleven days upon the journey, and, indeed, after Michaelmas, if we had been all well, we could not easily have performed it in much less time. For, notwithstanding the great expedition we made from London, we were ten days in travelling from hence to Lockholme. Pray give my kind love to brother Richard, with my thanks for his good letter, which, by the bye, would have been better, if it had fewer compliments in it.

"It gave us all great pleasure to hear that our brother had continued so well, ever since he applied for advice to Dr. Askew. Pray tell sister Sarah to take care that her husband does not sit and study too much. He took too much pains with his last letter to me. If he should take so much pains in writing another, it

would endanger his health. I have, therefore, wisely resolved to defer writing to him a little longer. Tommy desires his duty. . . ."

And so the curtain falls on this interesting family. Thomas married during the year at the close of which the last letter was written. But no mention of that event remains. Most likely, when Lockholme passed to him, after Richard's death, he destroyed such letters as he found there. Those which have survived, have come down through Richard's second daughter, Agnes, or Nancy, who married a Mr. John Hastewell, of Moor End, and Wharton Dyke, Westmoreland, and lived until the early part of the last century, dying in 1804. As has been already said, the leathern pouch, or bag, in which the correspondence with the absent sons at college journeyed with the carrier, to and fro, is still in the possession of Agnes Hastewell's descendants, so also are two volumes of George Fothergill's sermons, many of them preached on special occasions, and once upon a time greatly approved of; while a silver christening cup, dated 1750, and a coral and bells, and whistle, marked John Hastewell, still commemorate for his descendants the birth of Richard Fothergill's grandchild, the son of his well-loved daughter Agnes, familiarly known in her family as Nancy.

No less than nine Fothergills of the Lockholme family went to college, beginning with Anthony in 1466, who is described in the college records as

"Scholar and Chaplain." Then, later, followed George, Henry, and Thomas, already mentioned; Thomas, the son of Henry, born at Bath; another Henry, son of Provost Thomas; Henry, son of William of Lockholme, and two sons of the tradesman, or merchant, Joseph. All these, except "little Henry," who died young, entered the Church—surely a good ecclesiastical record for one family!

THE END

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